JUNE 14, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

SHOULD A POOR BOY GO TO COLLEGE?

By PRESIDENT HUTCHINS of the University of Chicago

JACK DEMPSEY SIZES UP THE CONN-LOUIS BATTLE

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DINAH SHORE

"You'll never catch a better one than this, Sam!

"No wonder the fish won't bite—you look ready to bite *them!* Cast your eyes on what I just hauled in and cheer up. Nothing goes better than a can of good cold beer. And you'll go for *this* kind of can, hook, line and sinker!"

"If fish could talk, they'd sure agree with you. Say, these Cap-Sealed cans have everything. You can drink from a clean, cap-protected opening . . . they chill in a jiffy . . . and you can open them with *any* opener—no fancy tackle needed here!"

"Nice going, Sam! And our only returns will be this swell mess of fish. No deposits to bother about, either. I'll string along with beer or ale in Cap-Sealed cans every time I go fishing! And let's remember to bring a carton home with us."

CONTINENTAL © CAN COMPANY

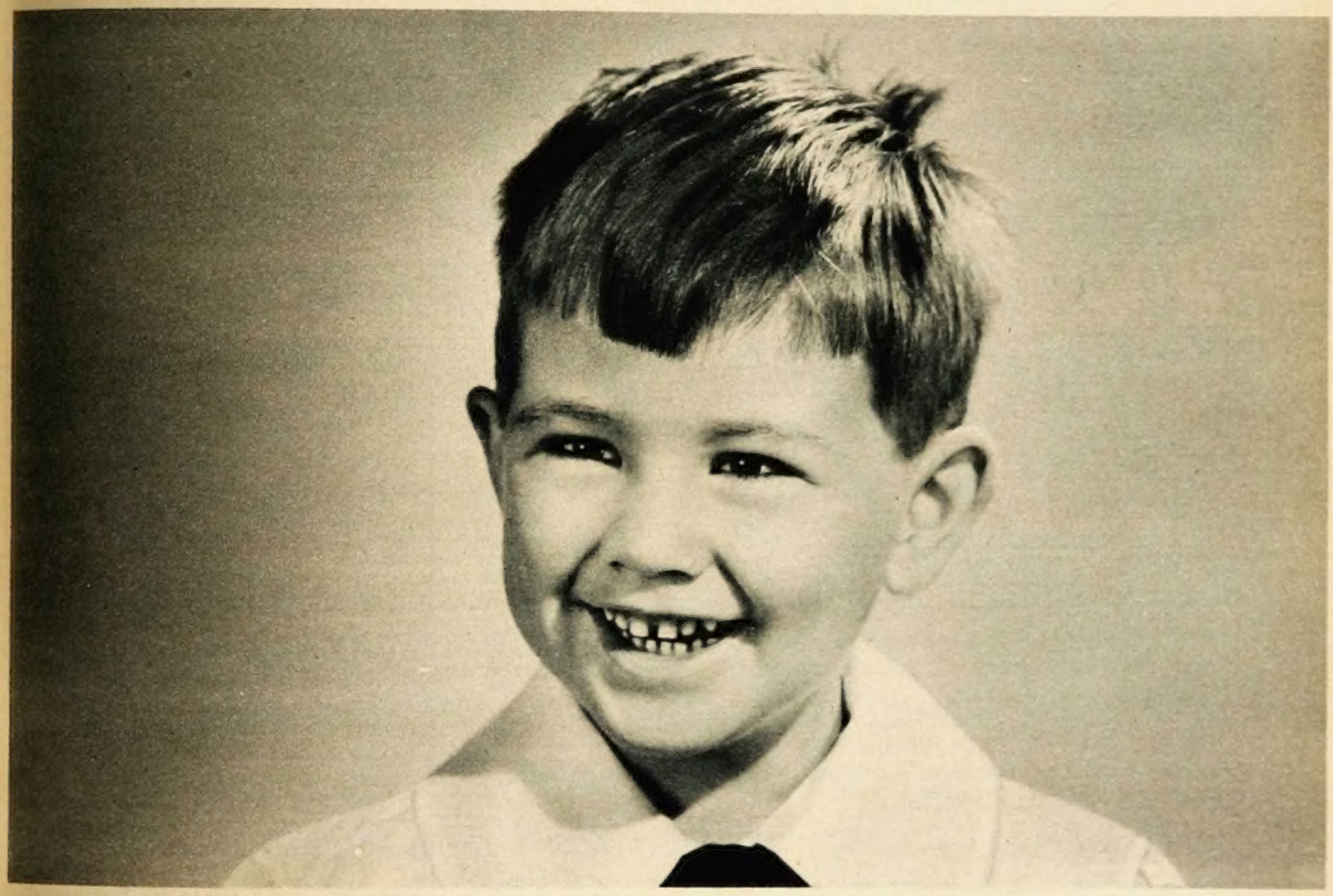
ASK FOR BEER OR ALE IN "EASY TO OPEN" CAP-SEALED CANS

TWO SIZES: 12 oz. and Quart.

Do you see little Billy?
No, I see the future Captain William Steers.

Is the Captain a Good Soldier?
Yes. He has Courage and the Respect of his Men.

His Smile inspires Confidence—a Bright, Appealing Smile that owes so much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.



Don't risk the charm of your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthy, your teeth bright and sparkling

Q. *Why do so many dentists strongly urge the importance of daily gum massage?*

A. Because these dentists know that the soft foods we eat deny our gums the natural work and stimulation they need for health.

Q. *Are strong gums important to sound, sparkling teeth?*

A. Indeed they are! That's why it is so important never to ignore "pink tooth brush" . . . because that telltale tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush may be a sign of weak, tender gums—gums that need attention.

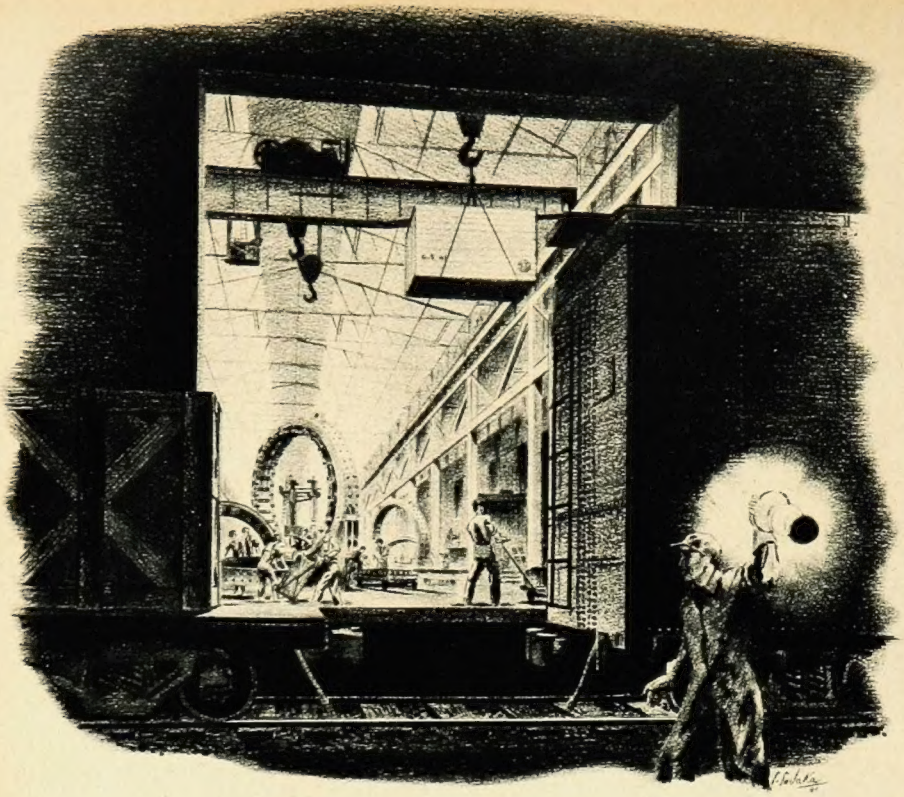
Q. *Does "pink tooth brush" always mean serious trouble?*

A. Not necessarily. But only your dentist can decide that question. Often, he may merely say that your weakened gums need work and exercise. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *Can Ipana and massage really help ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Indeed it can. You see, Ipana Tooth Paste does more than clean teeth thoroughly. For this unique dentifrice is specially designed, with massage, to aid the *gums* to healthier firmness. That is why the daily use of Ipana and massage is a sound, sensible habit . . . to help you have stronger gums, more sparkling teeth, a lovelier smile . . . to help guard against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste



Out of the Night

IN LOS ANGELES it is eleven o'clock; in Detroit, one; in Schenectady it is two o'clock in the morning.

In Los Angeles a young riveter moves a little faster down the row of rivets that stitches a gleaming airfoil. In Detroit a helmeted welder concentrates on the harsh arc that knits two pieces of steel plate. In Schenectady a veteran machinist watches a little more intently the lathe tool that pares a precise 1/1000 of an inch from a 20-inch steel shaft.

Listen! You will hear them: staccato beat of rivet guns . . . crackle of welding torches . . . harsh whisper ot turning lathes. The sounds of America working!

Look! You will see them: factory windows ablaze at night . . . long freights rolling by in the twilight . . . somewhere in Newfoundland six bombers, motors idling, poised eastward on a runway in the gray dawn. The signs of America producing!

Many men, many places, three shifts. But *one* job—to make America secure.

Different machines, making different things—bombers in Los Angeles, tanks in Detroit, generators in Schenectady. But behind them all *one* universal force: electric power—turning lathes, joining metals, providing a changeless, universal light.

For more than 60 years electricity has been the power that makes all work kin. In itself one of the major industries that have contributed so much to American life—contributing now in its own right to national defense—electricity is today vital to all the others as they labor "all-out" in America's defense. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-211M3-211

VOX POP

WHAT HISTORY SHOULD WE TEACH?

COLLINSVILLE, CONN.—I take issue with Mr. Sokolsky, in March 8 Liberty, on his interpretation of what history to teach. He asks:

"Is that what you want your child to think of Washington and Lafayette and Valley Forge and Yorktown"?

Shouldn't we teach the truth in our textbooks and our schools, or should we follow Mr. Sokolsky's idea and teach "what you want your child to think"? Various people may want their children to think various ideas about the Revolutionary War.

Should we take a parental poll and teach each child what the parent wishes that child to be taught? Or shall we once again teach the truth, no matter where the chips may fall?—*J. D.*

PAYMENT ON DEBT

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—The World Almanac, good American authority, states that on July 1, 1940, $2,750,076,760 of Europe's war debt to the United States had been paid; of which amount Great Britain had paid $2,024,848,817 toward reducing their debt.

Credit to whom credit is due.—*G. A. Brown.*

RESENTS "FRISCO"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—There is a saying that familiarity breeds contempt, and in this, as a San Franciscan, I resent the familiarity of your Beverly Hills in referring to San Francisco as "Frisco."

There is no such town, and I do not believe that there is a San Franciscan who does not resent very strongly the term "Frisco."—*Craig Owens.*

[In the future it will be San Francisco.—ED.]

READING TIME TEST

MOUNT HERMON, MASS.—We conduct two classes of about twenty boys each in remedial reading. The members of these classes are those boys who need special

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YOU CAN SEE IT'S SAFER... There's

19 FEET OF GRIP

in every foot of Tread!

Be Prepared!
for higher temperatures and taxes with
"G3" ALL-WEATHER
Greater mileage—from tougher, thick tread
Greater non-skid safety—from 19-to-1 All-Weather grip
Greater blowout protection—from higher-tensile cord carcass
AT LESS COST PER MILE THAN EVER BEFORE

It's smart to buy now—get this world's standout tire value at present low prices—while you can

COMMON prudence dictates that you buy tires today that will give you long-time service—plus the safety modern driving demands.

In that light, we ask you to judge this big and better first-line tire—*the finest "G-3" All-Weather Goodyear ever sold at such low prices!*

Just look at that tread. It's massive! Deep-channeled for powerful traction! And beyond that, see how those sharp-edged diamonds face in ALL directions—brace against skids at any angle to insure quicker, straight-line stops.

Measure them. You'll find these edges add up to 19 feet of grip in every single foot of the "G-3" All-Weather tread. A 19-to-1 safety factor that resists tire-slip in any direction, forwards or sideways.

More miles for your money, too

Into this safer tire we've built the toughest rubber, the highest-tensile cord carcass ever used in a "G-3" All-Weather. The result is a carrier that's miles ahead in performance.

In high-speed test runs this new "G-3" All-Weather averages *thousands* of miles longer tread wear than previous models—*an increase that means many months of extra service on your car!*

Remember, the tires you buy today may have to last you a long, long time. Better see your Goodyear dealer now—while you can still buy this safer, longer-wearing "G-3" All-Weather at a price so low, *it costs you less per mile than ever before.*

P.S. New tubes save tires

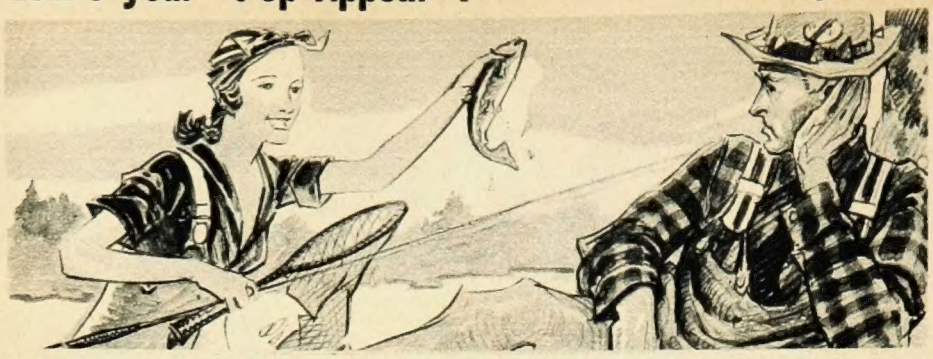
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Brown



Bab: Jeepers, Dad! Get going! They're jumping all over the place! Look at this!
Dad: All right! But I *was* having such a comfortable nap.

Bab: Look here, Isaac Walton Smith, there's something the matter! You never slighted a trout in your life! Where's that old fish-fightin' pep? Ah! That reminds me—

Bab: On the move, fisherman! It's lunch-time anyway. You haven't been eating right lately, and I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with *vitamins*. Vitamins for pep! You're going to make a start toward getting them right now.

Bab: Yessir! We're getting down to business, right now. You have to get *all* your vitamins. And right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are *two* of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Dad: Hey! Hey! Let me get a word in! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? This is the best cereal I've eaten in years. I'm having PEP every morning.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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training in speed and comprehension in reading.

We find that Liberty's custom of giving the reading time for articles and stories is ideal for such classes. When the students reach the point where they can read an article in the given reading time and then give a good logical account, either orally or written, of that which they have read, we feel that they have made satisfactory progress.—*Nelson A. Jackson.*

HOUSING INTEREST

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Among delegates to the annual meeting of the National Association of Housing Officials in Cincinnati recently, much interest was expressed in the article by Mrs. Samuel I. Rosenman in Liberty for April 26. It was a timely and readable treatment of a subject of nationwide importance.—*Harold S. Buttenheim, Editor, The American City.*

HITLER EFFICIENCY

ATHENS, GA.—Ah, yes! So efficient are the Hitlerite Germans.

The balloon? No, French.

The steamboat? No, American.

The steam engine? No, English.

The principle of electricity? No, American.

The electric light? No, American.

The airplane? No, American.

The wireless telegraph? No, Italian.

The tank? No, English.

The tractor? No, American.

The armored battleship? No, American.

The telephone? No, American.

None of these did the Germans discover or invent.

But most of these they improved upon for mass murder and destruction.

They used good gifts to mankind to build up a silly superiority complex—the one of a mythical superefficient German.—*E. K. Lumpkin.*

NOT HIS PAINT

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—In Great News on Cancer, by Morris Markey, in March 1 Liberty, luminous paints are mentioned as a contributing cause of cancer.

I have no doubt the author had in mind radioactive paints. The American Luminous Products Co. is the only manufacturer in the United States of calcium sulphide luminous, the base of luminous paint, and has been for many years. This material is nonpoisonous and nonradioactive and could not cause cancer.—*Arthur H. Jackson, Manager.*

In using the term luminous paint, the material referred to is that frequently used in the making of luminous watch and clock dials and light switches which are luminous in the dark.

I concede that Mr. Jackson's luminous paint should be excepted from the general body of such products—as they are characterized by the managing director

of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.—*Morris Markey.*

UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE

Liberty is grateful for the scores of letters from readers praising The Unobstructed Universe, by Stewart Edward White. Many of these testify to corroborating personal experiences and deep spiritual conviction of life in eternity. We have received so many of these that it is impossible to publish them in Vox Pop, but we sincerely thank our correspondents. A very few letters took issue with the base of Mr. White's thesis, but all indicate universal interest in this subject.

LIKES HEDY BETTER

MADISON, WIS.—I disagree with Frederick Lewis in his article How Clark Gable Created a New Hedy Lamarr, in April 26 Liberty.

It's the feminine Hedy that keeps me in my seat! How, under the circumstances, can Clark teach Hedy new tricks? Hedy can run on her own laurels! —*Edward C. Atkinson.*

PHILIPPINE VIEW

MANILA, P. I.—We are concerned with this new American military consciousness not only because the situation in the Far East has turned for the worst nor because of our continued tutelage under American ideals for the last forty-

Beverly Hills' Movie Guide
Will be found on Page 45

three years which has given us a feeling that we are part and parcel of the American nation, but because we believe that the destiny of our Commonwealth is inevitably linked with America's.

Nearly 6,000 reservists of the Philippine Army have, in fact, readily enlisted for one year's training service in Uncle Sam's Army in the Philippines, and 250,000 more are in readiness should the Philippines' armed forces be federalized just as in 1917. And again, just as in 1917, 16,000,000 Filipinos, more or less, shall rally heart and soul and fight by the side of the United States for good old democracy!—*Ambrosio P. Peña.*

CHURCHILL STRONG

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Winston Churchill's article Tank Tactics in May 17 Liberty helps to show his truly great character. Had the British and French staffs listened to him and his co-worker Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt the first World War might have been won in 1917. Unfortunately, the Germans have cashed in on the English "toy."—*Lester Fox.*

MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

1—DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.

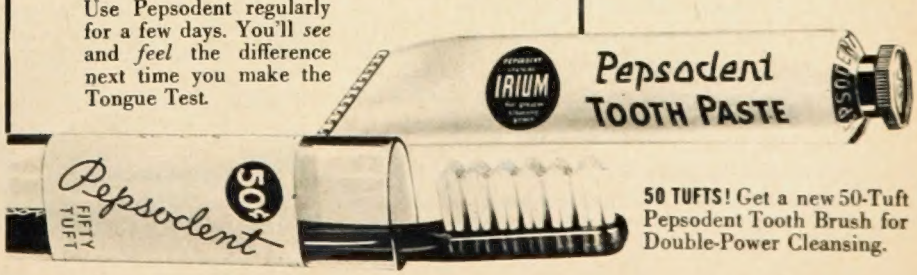
2—IT'S A WARNING . . . You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.

3—DON'T WAIT... Correct this beauty-blemish now . . . with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: 1. Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away...*and* 2. The patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off...doesn't collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT

Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll *see* and *feel* the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.



50 TUFTS! Get a new 50-Tuft Pepsodent Tooth Brush for Double-Power Cleansing.

"Folks, I've worked on 'em all—it's a Fact

Plymouth is Finest!"

Independent Garage Men of Nation Vote:

PLYMOUTH IS BEST-ENGINEERED OF "ALL THREE"

In Nation-wide Poll, Plymouth Wins More Votes than Either of the "Other 2" Low-Priced Cars!

HOW INDEPENDENT GARAGE MEN VOTED

PLYMOUTH—44.5%

CAR "2"—40.3%

CAR "3"—15.2%

OF "ALL 3" low-priced cars, Plymouth is best-engineered—and it's the independent garage mechanics of America who say so!

You enjoy the extra room and riding smoothness of Plymouth's big 117-inch wheelbase—longest of "All 3" low-priced cars! And only Plymouth of "All 3" gives you the protection of new Safety Rim Wheels... designed to keep a flat tire from rolling off the wheel in case of a blowout or puncture.

And, with the greatest power per pound of weight of "All 3," Plymouth gives you the finest performance. You do less gear-shifting! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

HEAR MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

SEE THE NEW PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS

ENJOY THIS FINER QUALITY IN CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR!

Longest Wheelbase of "All 3"
Widest Rear Seat of "All 3"
Greatest Power Per Pound of "All 3"
Biggest Safety Advance of "All 3"
Widest Color Choice of "All 3"
Most High-Priced Car Features of "All 3"
Lowest Prices of "All 3" on Many Models

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

SQUANDERMANIA

☆ THE other day Mr. Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, announced that he expected the debt of the United States to rise to ninety billion dollars.

Say the words over slowly to yourself—*Ninety billion dollars.*

It is almost impossible for the human mind to grasp those figures. Only by comparison can we even partially understand them.

Here is one comparison:

In 1914 the federal debt of this country was less than 2 billion dollars. In this year of our Lord 1941 it is *over 47 billion dollars!*

Anybody can understand that comparison!

And, sad to say, this enormous increase has not been due to spending money wisely and efficiently upon our Army and our Navy. Far from it!

About 22 billions of dollars of that fantastic debt is now saddled upon the shoulders of every one of us because of eight years of boondoggling.

Those were the years that the locusts have eaten. Those were the years when politicians, starry-eyed idealists, crackpots, and political heebie-jeebie boys swarmed like a plague on the American cashbox in Washington. Those were the years when, under the nebulous and fabulous theories of a foreign college professor, we tried to spend our way into prosperity. Days when the taxpayer's money flowed out in a Niagara of gold! The great New Deal epidemic—the time of squandermania.

If, instead of building two bridges where only one was needed, laying down roads we could have done without, erecting post offices we did not need, hiring actors who could not act, to appear in dramas by writers who could not write but who knew how to put the poison of Communism into the minds of the taxpayers—if all the flummery and flapdoodle of boondoggling had never happened and we had used that 22 billions of lost dollars to buy ourselves battleships, tanks, and planes, we would not stand where we stand today, unprepared, disorganized, and with the prospect of still further increasing the national debt to the estimate of Jesse Jones—to 90 billions of dollars.

Those dollars were thrown out of the window. Then why talk about them now?

We *should* talk about them now, and for the most urgent of reasons. Down in Washington, our lawmakers are busy, night and day, thinking up new ways to take away the taxpayers' money. Make no mistake about it. These new taxes will not be paid by the rich or the well-to-do merely, nor by the great middle class alone. These new and inevitable taxes will be paid by everybody. No one will escape. So the years that lie before us mean deprivation and cold economy in every American home. In order to meet the government bills, the American citizen will walk where once he rode, will eat cheaper cuts of meat, make his shoes wear longer, see fewer movies.

All this deprivation cannot be and must not be a one-sided affair. While we, the taxpayers, are tightening our belts, the taxgatherers in Washington must not be permitted to put on weight.

The government itself must begin to economize.

The pork barrel will have to be thrown on the dump heap. The government in Washington must follow the example of the average American family—cut down on its extravagances, and even on its necessities.

Believe it or not, the day for economy among politicians has come at last!

The American people will have no patience any longer with the squandermaniacs.

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

How Much is a Billion Dollars?

Here's a vivid reminder of what those rows of zeros are going to mean to YOU

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

MR. JOHN Q. PUBLIC has been reading for some time about billion-dollar appropriations in Washington. But he has usually looked upon these billions with complete personal detachment—as though he were at a movie—because the figures are too fantastically large for realistic comprehension. Smart literary entertainers have given him some pleasant painless similes from time to time in an effort to make him understand that a billion is really an enormous sum. For example, there is the ingenious calculator who says that if you will look at the second hand of your watch and count "one" every time it moves, you will know what a billion is because it will take you 31 years and 259 days of continuous day-and-night counting to reach your goal. This sort of explanation, however, produces little light because it is still in the realm of objectivity. It is still an abstraction. A billion dollars is still an unreal mastodon on the horizon of an unreal world.

Mr. John Q. Public will never know what a billion dollars is until his own individual share of it meets him face to face on the tax rolls. Then he will discover that it is larger even than he ever dreamed. Indeed his dream will partake of a nightmare. And Mr. John Q. Public is about to get this information in this cruel, hard way because his Uncle Sam cannot much longer live on red-ink deficits. His Uncle Sam has got to "get the money"—not just one billion of it but many—and in the last analysis there is just one place to go and that is into Mr. John Q. Public's private purse. So the sooner he gets acquainted with the intimate answer to this question—How much is a billion dollars?—the less shock to him will be his ultimate disillusionment.

Some one in very high authority (I hesitate to name him because I have been unable to resurrect the proofs) has recently said that "It is unpatriotic to inquire where and how we get the money to pay our new defense and aid-to-England bills." I suppose this is on the theory that too much realism upon this score might dampen our war enthusiasms. But it seems to me that begs the question. If any of our people have been deluded into the complacent notion that we have discovered some new and inexpensive formula for war itself or for war by proxy, the sooner they know the truth the more readily will they subsequently accept the consequences of their judgments and the more willingly will they "pay the freight." At any rate, whether it is war itself or war by proxy, the American taxpayer will be its first casualty—and how!

Expressly, I do *not* mean to say that we should be governed, in these decisions so vital to democracy at home and abroad, by dollar attitudes. But, expressly, I *do* mean to say that the maintenance of a sound public credit is the first line of national defense,

and the quicker Mr. John Q. Public knows that he must play a vital part in this emergency, the safer will be the pattern of our national salvation. All the emphasis for weeks and months at Washington was upon expenditures—money going *out* of the Treasury—and that was natural because we had to get defense production under way. But equal emphasis sooner or later must be put upon revenues—money coming *in* to the Treasury—because we cannot borrow, borrow, borrow forever and escape collapse. So I think there is patriotism in mathematics as well as in ballistics. Personally, I should like to have Mr. John Q. Public read the news from Washington realistically in respect to his own personal fortunes.

★ HENCE the question—How much *is* a billion dollars? It seems to me the simplest way is to break down a billion-dollar federal expenditure into the share each state must bear. This partially simplifies the arithmetic and brings the burden closer home. The table accompanying this article has been prepared from the annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the years 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1940. Each report contains a table headed: "Summary of Internal Revenue Collections by States and Territories." It includes income, corporation and so-called excess-profits taxes; also miscellaneous internal-revenue collections from specific taxes; also payroll taxes under the Social Security Act. In other words, speaking generally, it shows how much each state contributes to federal revenues. I have averaged these contributions for the four indicated years. The result ought to be a fair criterion. You can look at the table and find out in a general way what the citizens of your state must pay, sooner or later, every time the Congress clicks off another billion in appropriations.

There ought to be a word of warning in reading this table. In the first place, it uses round numbers. In the second place, large specific taxes may *originate* in *one* state and yet ultimately spread themselves among consumers everywhere—like motorcars in Michigan or cigarettes in North Carolina. In the third place, this past tax experience has not included some of the mass taxes which will probably become unavoidable in raising the enormous sums that the federal appetite is going to require. In the fourth place, only a portion of these heavy contemporary expenditures can be met, at best, on a pay-as-you-go basis; the balance must be borrowed; but this does not affect the relative burden, because, believe it or not, bonds must one day be paid. With these factors in mind, however, Mr. John Q. Public can come much closer to visualizing what must be expected of him if he will orient himself by this table—and get ready for the consequences.

Here is another way for him, the American taxpayer, to get a little closer to a billion dollars in his conception of what it is likely to mean to him one of these days. The forty billion dollars which Congress has appropriated and authorized for national defense is equal to the total assessed valuation of the whole State of New York, plus the whole State of Pennsylvania, plus the whole State of Connecticut! The seven billion dollars for "aid to Britain" is more than the total assessed valuation of any state in the Union, with four exceptions. When Congress passed the fifth supplemental national-defense appropriation bill in April (mind you, the *fifth!*), it spent in one day the equivalent of the total assessed valuation of all Missouri, or of all Texas or all Iowa.

I am not not saying that the appropriation should not have been made.

How Much Comes Out of Your State?

Every time Uncle Sam spends "a billion," it finally costs each state, territory, and district in taxes as follows:

Ala.	$2,900,000	Neb.	$3,600,000
Ariz.	830,000	Nev.	800,000
Ark.	1,450,000	N. H.	1,600,000
Calif.	57,200,000	N. J.	38,900,000
Colo.	6,100,000	N. Mex.	600,000
Conn.	16,300,000	N. Y.	208,100,000
Del.	14,200,000	N. C.	61,800,000
Fla.	8,400,000	N. D.	300,000
Ga.	6,300,000	Ohio	57,500,000
Ida.	800,000	Okla.	11,100,000
Ill.	85,000,000	Ore.	2,600,000
Ind.	21,500,000	Penn.	85,400,000
Iowa	4,400,000	R. I.	5,300,000
Kan.	4,100,000	S. C.	2,000,000
Ky.	24,700,000	S. D.	400,000
La.	8,400,000	Tenn.	5,900,000
Me.	2,700,000	Texas	24,600,000
Md.	19,700,000	Utah	1,600,000
Mass.	32,500,000	Vt.	750,000
Mich.	55,000,000	Va.	39,200,000
Minn.	12,500,000	Wash.	6,100,000
Miss.	1,200,000	W. Va.	4,200,000
Mo.	24,800,000	Wis.	16,900,000
Mont.	1,200,000	Wyo.	550,000

Alaska	$180,000
D. C.	5,600,000
Hawaii	2,300,000

As a matter of fact, I voted for it. But I *am* saying that it is either silly or suicidal for American citizens to ignore what this must all mean to every man, woman, and child under the flag in terms of taxes, taxes—and then more taxes. We cannot spend the total assessed valuation of one of our great states on an average of about once a week without fiscal or economic catastrophe unless we begin very promptly to at least start to pay the shot. Thus far we have not even commenced to get ready to begin. How much is a billion dollars? It is approximately the total assessed valuation of Colorado, or Washington, or Georgia, or South Dakota, or Alabama, or Oregon. It is very much more than the total assessed valuation of Maine, or Florida, or New Hampshire, or Utah, or North Dakota, or Mississippi, or Arkansas, or Idaho, or Arizona, or South Carolina, or Montana, or Vermont, or Delaware, or New Mexico, or Wyoming, or Nevada. Yet a billion dollars—relatively speaking—is just "chicken feed" in Washington these days.

On March 26, the Associated Press reported out of Washington that the cost of the new national defense program, plus the seven billion British-aid appropriation, was just a little short of *forty billion dollars.* Well—if *one* billion is a myth, *forty* billions is a fantasy. Yet many states themselves fall into the billion-dollar class when their individual share of this expenditure is assessed. Michigan's share is some two billion and a quarter. Illinois' share is nearly three billion and a half. So is Pennsylvania's. New York's share is more than eight billions. Kentucky, Missouri, and Texas cross or crowd the billion-dollar line. So it goes.

The Census Bureau recently reported that during the year ending June 30, 1940, taxes collected in the United States amounted to nearly $14,300,000,000—$410 per family, $109 per capita—or about one fifth of the total national income. But of this enormous sum, the *federal* government (with which these observations are exclusively concerned) got only $5,114,000,000, while state governments got $4,171,000,000, and local governments $5,000,000,000. Federal collections have substantially increased in the present fiscal year. They will increase substantially more as these enormous federal expenditures flow into the arteries of trade and commerce. But, even so, Mr. John Q. Public can get some idea of the enormous gap between income and outgo when he lays down that *five* billions of federal tax *collections* in the last fiscal year alongside of the *forty* billions of defense expenditures (to say nothing of other expenditures) committed for the next two years.

★ AS this is written no one yet knows what new tax program will be embraced to close this gap—or to *start* to close it. But it's a useful thing for Mr. John Q. Public to know about the gap and to begin thinking about "one billion dollars" in terms personal to himself, because he has got to be one of our greatest patriots before we reach the end of this business. We can charge some of our bills to our grandchildren, as we have been doing with magnificent abandon for the last ten years; but we can't wait for posterity to keep us solvent when billions roll as they are rolling today. Nor can we just "soak the rich" and call it a day—because if you confiscated every penny of every individual income in excess of $5,000 a year, it wouldn't pay more than a quarter of our bills.

No; there's no escape for Mr. John Q. Public. In one way or another the whole American citizenship must face the taxgatherer and do its share. And *that's* how much a billion dollars finally becomes.

THE END

PAINTED FOR LIBERTY BY LEON GORDON

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

President of the University of Chicago

An eminent educator (who worked his way himself) gives voice to some opinions that may surprise you

★ THE editors of Liberty have asked me whether a boy should work his way through college. I think he should not. I did it myself. I have watched hundreds of boys do it. Every year that passes confirms my lifelong prejudice: A boy should not work his way through college.

There are supposed to be two good reasons why he should. The first is that he can't afford to go to college otherwise. The second is that it is good for him anyway. The first reason at least has the tragic color of reality. The second is not even realistic.

Let us examine the second reason first. If we want to know whether work as a dishwasher, janitor, clerk, or housemaid is good for a college student, we shall first have to ask what a college is for.

A college is a place to get an education. It is not a place to make money or to learn how to make money, to have fun or to learn how to have fun, to make friends or to learn how to make friends, though some of these pleasant practices will inevitably be by-products of life at college.

The heart of college education is learning to think. Everything that goes on in an educational institution must be tested by its conformity to this ideal. A college can tolerate activities which do not interfere with learning how to think. It must oppose those which diminish or prevent the exercise of the intelligence.

People ought to learn how to think not only because thinking is a highly gratifying occupation in itself, but also because it is a prerequisite, in complicated circumstances at least, to right action. Men may act well from force of early habit, religious conviction, or fear of punishment. But these will hardly suffice in times of crisis. One of the principal aims of education is the formation of character. Higher education contributes by supplying the understanding upon which any enduring character must rest.

Should a Poor Boy go to College?

This brings us to dishwashing. Dishwashing may develop the habit of hard work, and the habit of hard work is an element of character. But dishwashing has little to do with the mind. Studying also develops the habit of hard work, and it has something to do with the mind. It is more character forming than dishwashing because it is harder work.

If you would permit me to be metaphysical, I could prove to you that studying, in addition to being harder, was manlier than dishwashing. I can do it in a sentence: If the mind is the exclusive attribute of man, the manliest man is he who works with his mind.

In colleges which are actually engaged in education, studying is hard, full-time work. Full-time work with the mind is the best character builder I know of. If I could convince myself that students generally were undergoing it I should find it easy to forgive them their moments of intense relaxation. These moments are the only moments of education, apparently, which can be effectively presented on the stage or screen—those moments when the students are dancing, drinking, cheering, brawling, or swallowing goldfish. These moments are what are known as College Life; and they are far too frequent.

Most college students are not doing even half-time work with their minds. This is not their fault. It is the fault of the colleges. In general, the American college curriculum does not demand hard work with the mind. The remedy is not to put the students at hard manual labor but to reform the college curriculum.

The reasons for the present state of the college curriculum are two. In the first place, parents have no very clear idea of the purpose of college education. They want their boy to go to college because in some vague way it may be helpful to him. Besides, what else is there to do with him? They want him to know the right people, to have a pleasant time, to learn a little something, and keep out of trouble. I assure you that educators hear few complaints from parents that their offspring are not receiving a mental discipline sufficiently rigorous.

There is another reason why a college student above the grade of moron can proceed to the Bachelor's degree with only a few faint gestures toward the higher learning. The reason is that colleges are competitive. They are getting more so every day. The decline of income from endowments and the difficulty of raising new money have thrown the colleges back upon their fees from students. If these disappear, many colleges will disappear too. Hence the frantic efforts—the salesmen, the literature, the entertainments, the publicity—which almost all colleges are putting forth to attract students. How could a college expect to be attractive if it advertised that it insisted—as it ought to—on a forty-four-hour week of work with the mind?

There is so little hard work in the ordinary college curriculum that students can support themselves without damaging their grades. This is the net result of all the studies of self-support and scholastic standing that have been made in the last twenty-five years. They were summarized in the Journal of Higher Education only a few months ago.

But here we are, talking only about what is needed to get by in that quaint numerical, statistical fashion in which most colleges mark the intellectual progress of their charges. We are not talking about getting an education. That takes time; it takes reading and reflection. A student who spends his time working his way will have to get his education, if he gets it at all, after he leaves college.

The students who are willing to work their way through are students who want an education. They would not face all that tribulation just to have a couple of capital letters after their names. They will work as hard at getting an education as they now work at earning a living, if only they are given the chance. It is our business to see to it that they are.

We see, then, that dishwashing is not the ideal occupation for the college student, as such. The ideal occupation is the pursuit of knowledge. The college student has only four years to prepare for the following fifty. In those four years he must develop his mind and fortify his character for the years ahead. He can achieve both these ends at once by studying hard. If he washes dishes long enough, he will interfere, perhaps fatally, with the development of his mind without establishing that intellectual foundation which character ought to have. "It is what men think," said John Stuart Mill, "that determines how they act."

It is paradoxical that the student who loves learning so much that he is willing to slave for it must be deprived of some of it by the necessity of slaving. It is just as paradoxical that the student who does not care whether he gets an education is the one who receives the fullest opportunity if his indulgent father can pay for it. Obviously it should be the other way round. The student who is willing to slave for an education should get the fullest opportunity.

If we are going to be realistic, we must say that as things are today a poor boy should not go to college. Only a boy who can lay his hands on enough money so that he can have time to take advantage of what the college has to offer should go there. But we don't like the consequences of realism, and so we must be idealistic: we must say that the boy who wants education most, who can profit by it most, and who is likely to do most with it should get the most out of it. The boy who is willing to work for his living while he is working for his education looks like the boy who meets these requirements.

I suppose it is generally agreed that this country needs all the brains it can muster. If we compel our best boys and girls to work their way through college, we assert that we do not need to develop our best brains to their fullest power. If we compel them to forego higher education entirely if they fail to find an off-campus job, we assert that there are some brains we can get along without.

I am not saying that the poor boy is the best because he is poor. I am saying that the best poor boy does not have the same opportunity as the

(*Continued on page 61*)

"Miss Lynn an' Miss Gail,"
she gasped. "Somethin' aw-
ful's happened at the jail."

The city Editor and the Lady

Adventure! The exciting story of a beauty's battle with her heart

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ IF I'd been smart I wouldn't have answered the phone at all, because I knew only woe could be born of such a screeching, sleet-belabored night. But a newshound, like an old fire horse, starts snorting at the first jangle of the alarm. (Even if she has retired to let her arteries harden and write her memoirs.) When I heard Hunt Harper's voice I knew I'd plugged in on trouble in its fancier form. "What's on your mind, lad?" I mumbled apprehensively.

"It's the Chapin-Burke case at Holton, Lynn." He bit off his words in the best Hecht-MacArthur manner. "Harriette Chapin talks and doesn't say anything. Dave Burke just sulks. Have to put a gal on, I guess. The boys can't get a damn thing."

I relaxed. I was afraid he wanted to talk about Gail Patterson—which would have been awkward, because she was sitting right there. Besides, counseling smitten city editors is not my specialty—murder cases are.

Gail was Sam Patterson's daughter. We were old friends, Sam and I. We'd watched a dynasty die in 1918, saw its emperor flee across the Dutch frontier, and sat beside each other at Versailles. Gail had arrived in New York the week before, fresh from the Wisconsin U. School of Journalism. She brought me a letter from Sam. It was written in September of '39. The following March he was killed in an air crash in Poland. The letter asked me to get Gail the toughest assignment I could, so as to cure her quick of the yen to be a penwoman. Sam felt a woman's place was not on a printing press. I knew about that—we'd explored the subject deeply—and I knew Hunt Harper felt the same way. That's why I sent Gail to the Globe. There wasn't a chance she'd be led through any cotillion there.

And she wasn't. Hunt didn't give her even faint hope of work, but he took her to dinner that first night and again two nights later and again the following Monday. Which, I assured Gail, was victory of a very special sort. But it wasn't the sort she wanted. Miss Patterson was shopping for a job, not love.

As for the case at Holton, I'd followed it closely and was well aware it had reached a high point of frustration. For three days the boys and gals of the press had been babbling inanities in a sort of desperate effort to keep the story alive; but, despite the fact it had every element of suspense, it went right on with its dying.

Harriette Chapin was accused by the state of backing her paramour, James Stanton, up against a curtained doorway behind which Dave Burke (a girlhood friend with a Galahad mania) and a .32-caliber revolver were secreted, and of keeping Stanton there until Burke and the revolver did a thorough job of quelling Mr. Stanton's life spark.

Mr. Stanton, it seemed, was naïve enough to think he could end an affair with Harriette Chapin simply by announcing that his love had cooled—and by agreeing to a farewell tryst. The tryst took place in a beach cottage, tucked in a lonely cove a half mile from the village of Holton. For three years the cottage had been the scene of Harriette's illicit love for James Stanton. But on the night of February 9 it harbored Dave Burke's psychopathic gallantry, his avenging musket, and hate. The state had developed what it thought was an airtight case; yet here it was, crumbling to nothing.

"We want news," Hunt moaned. "Hot news. The stuff I get reads like nursery rhymes. Not even Blackie Davis's come up with anything. You can see it's hay, baby, for the Thayer genius. How about it?"

"All right," I said. "Put Gail Patterson on with me and I'll take the job." The words that boiled in my ears were not what you'd call mild. I waited until he stopped to breathe. "That," I said, "is my proposition. G'by." And hung up.

I turned to Gail. "Sharpen your pencils, pet; you've got a job."

She bounced out of her chair. "Lynn, *really?* What?"

"We're going to do some trouble shooting for the Globe."

Excitement fired her eyes. "Lynn," she almost begged, "you're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Hunt's tried everything else—he always does before he puts a gal on a story. Now, go pack your toothbrush. He'll call back any minute."

She looked at me anxiously. "You . . . you aren't doing this just for me, are you, Lynn—taking on this job, I mean, when you should be working on your book?"

"Certainly not," I lied, and added quickly: "But look. What about you? It'll be a brass-knuckle party—it can't be anything else with Blackie Davis there. That jackal'd sell out his grandma for a beat. Still want to go?"

I watched her closely to be sure the beams in her eyes didn't change to fright. They didn't. "I want to go, Lynn," she said. That was all—and then the phone rang.

"Hello," I said sweetly.

"You win," said Hunt grimly. "But you're tossing a whelp to a pack of wolves. You know, of course, you should fry for breaking that lovely thing down to an old Press Club hag."

"Take it easy, Zeezy," I mumbled. "You're talking to a charter member."

"I know I am," he snapped; "and don't tell me you wouldn't be better off now if some one'd banged sense into you at twenty. You might have had a daughter like Gail." . . .

I wished he hadn't said that last; it set up a dull ache inside me. When I didn't answer, he switched back to business. "There's a train at mid-

(*Continued on page 53*)

BY KATHRYN WHITE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

How I Size Up the Conn-Louis Fight

☆ SOMEHOW Billy Conn's impending fight with Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world at the Polo Grounds in New York on June 18 reminds me of the canary who lived near a grand estate. "I'll just soar over there," he said to his mate, "and pick up a few tidbits for supper. I'll be back in about fifteen minutes." Some four hours later he showed up at the nest with a busted beak, a couple of black eyes, and half his feathers gone.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed his spouse. "What on earth happened to you?"

"Well," sighed the canary, "I was just flying along minding my own business when I saw a nice cleared space that looked as if it had a lot of luscious tidbits in it. I scooted over to the spot, and all of a sudden I found myself in the midst of the dod-blastedest badminton game that ever happened!"

The point is that Conn, in my opinion, has the *skill* and *science* to outpoint Joe Louis in fifteen rounds and take his heavyweight title from him *if he can keep from running into a "badminton game."* But I do not believe he can. He's got too much "Irish" in him. When he gets stung —and I think Joe will sting him— Billy gets angry, throws caution and boxing skill to the winds, and sails in to slug it out with his opponent. If he had a real heavyweight punch this would be great, but I don't think he has that punch, so in a slugfest with a hitter like Louis he'd find himself in the same position as our friend Mr. Canary in that badminton game. He would be sunk. I believe coolness will be the deciding factor in this fight, and the champion is a veritable iceberg in combat.

In all of Louis' fights since his last one with Schmeling he has been the overwhelming favorite with the experts, and his fight with Conn is no exception. The consensus of boxing writers throughout the country is about four to one for Joe to win by a knockout. Only about 10 per cent select Joe to win the decision in fifteen rounds; about 10 per cent pick Conn to win, and the other 80 per cent swing to Louis by the K. O. route.

Most of the experts incline toward the belief that Louis has slipped. They reason that he has been living well and that the training grind has become tedious to him; that he has about as much money as he needs and the incentive to win is not as strong as it was when he was fighting his way up to the championship. Also they point out that Conn is the type of fighter whose style would defeat Louis.

I agree that a fast, clever boxer like Conn possesses the style that should give Louis the greatest trouble; but that style must be accompanied by a punch, and this is where Conn, in my opinion, is handicapped.

I figure they're sending Billy against the champion just about a year too soon. A year from now, I believe, if he keeps going the way he has been, he will have developed the punch he lacks today—a *real* punch, I mean— and *then* my pick would be Conn to win by a K. O. He would be a seasoned battler, practically unscathed, and either would have conquered his rashness or else would be so formidable that it would be an asset, whereas today it is a liability against a puncher like Louis. A year from now Conn would even outslug Louis, I think. He would be bound to improve, while Louis naturally would be going back.

But . . . we're dealing with the present; unfortunately, I'm afraid, for Billy Conn.

Ring history proves that a high-class boxer with plenty of stamina will outgallop the slugger type in a limited number of rounds. Fighting a boxer, in my experience, is aggravating to the fighter, to say the least. The "fancy Dan" makes the slugger waste too much energy; it makes him feel futile when he can't nail the boxer cleanly with his best punches. I was never so burnt up in my life as I was in my fight with Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. Tommy was a "cutie" who seemed to anticipate my every move, and he also was strong enough to tie me up in the clinches when he wasn't ducking or making me chase him. He got my goat and made me overanxious to land a knockout.

I don't think Conn is strong enough to do this with Joe Louis if Joe succeeds in landing any damaging punches, either to the body or to the head. Joe's heavy blows, I believe, will slow down Conn to such an extent that Joe will be able to catch him and ultimately put over the crusher.

This fight reminds me very much of one I had just about twenty years ago in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City—the first, by the way, ever to draw a million-dollar gate. That was my battle with Georges Carpentier, the flashy Frenchman. Unless I'm away off in my calculations, we'll see ring history repeating itself in this fight: it will be another Dempsey-Carpentier affair. There's a remarkable similarity. Carpentier, like Conn,

ıo'll win? The ex-champ
ds a prophecy in his past

JOE LOUIS

BY JACK DEMPSEY

Sports Editor of Liberty

was a handsome, brilliant boxer and was a light-heavyweight champion campaigning pretty successfully among the heavyweights. Also his ring career was much like Conn's, for they both began boxing as little fellows and battled their way from class to class with uniform success.

I had about sixteen pounds weight advantage over Georges, and in every other way there were just about the same conditions in that match as will obtain in this one between Joe and Billy. I wore Carpentier down with body blows, but he fought a gallant battle as long as he could, and even stung me with a terrific right-hander to the jaw in the second round. I believe he was a better hitter than Conn, and was at least as good a boxer. He had the same kind of courage that Conn has, a courage that makes a fellow take the offensive if his opponent is inclined to wage a "countering" fight. Conn and the Carpentier of twenty years ago are the same build physically and are the same type of athlete.

That's the word—Conn is more an athlete than he is a bruiser. Neither Georges nor Billy represents the rugged individual that is necessary to stand the gaff of a grueling battle with a power hitter like Louis.

Billy has been quoted as saying that he will beat Louis with right-hand jolts to the heart. He isn't going to lick Louis with body punches, but Louis could lick him that way. Joe showed he can batter the body hard in his fight with Red Burman. He hit Red so hard in the body that poor Red "never even felt it." He simply went out like a light. I think Billy would have a better chance if he would make Joe's left temple his target for the rights. This, it seems to me, is Joe's vulnerable spot. I think the champion stands up very well under a punch to the jaw. Even if he goes down he invariably gets up, and he has proven himself more dangerous on these occasions than he was before the knockdown.

One thing is certain—Louis does not hold Conn cheap. After his first fight with Abe Simon the champion said, "You saw him keep pestering me with that left hand of his. Well, Conn really has a great left, and he is fast besides." Louis undoubtedly considers Conn one of his most formidable challengers. He realizes, from what he has said, that in Conn he will be up against an apt fighting machine, and that he will have to be mighty fast on his feet and quick on the trigger to beat Bill.

This is one fight in which Joe Louis realizes he will not have the edge in speed. This time it will be just the other way round.

Bob Pastor and Tommy Farr both led Louis a merry chase; Farr for fifteen rounds, and Pastor for ten rounds in his first fight with Joe. Conn supporters rely on his speed afoot and his agile dodging, his ring generalship and his boxing skill to annoy and befuddle Louis, with the result that Joe will be thrown completely out of gear and will be unable to use his great punching power effectively. They see in Conn another Jim Corbett against Sullivan, or Corbett against Jeffries for the first twenty rounds in their first fight, in which Jeff couldn't lay a glove on Gentleman Jim. Against Louis I don't rate the Pittsburgh Flash that highly. No doubt Conn is fearless; he has a highly competitive spirit and he has a slashing, although I don't believe a numbing, punch. Conn has the speed and the brains; Louis the power and the punch.

Aside from the matter of weight, in which Louis will have about twenty pounds advantage, the men are more evenly matched than most people think. Billy is nearly twenty-four years of age, and Joe is twenty-seven, both good ages for heavyweights. Louis is only a quarter of an inch taller than Conn and he has a slightly longer reach. He is an inch wider around the chest and a couple of inches thicker around the waist. Their thighs, calves, and forearms match evenly. Louis's wrist is a quarter of an inch more around, and his biceps a half inch thicker. Conn's neck is three quarters of an inch bigger than Joe's, his ankle an inch bigger, and his fist a quarter of an inch bigger—all this according to their latest measurements.

But it has been my experience that these measurements rarely prove anything, even among top-notch fighters. It's what's *in* the bone and sinew that counts. Joe has had a longer ring experience than Billy, but Billy has learned a lot faster than Joe. Since invading the heavyweight class he has done everything that has been asked of him with uniform success. He did a good job on Bob Pastor, knocking him out in the thirteenth round, and he made a sucker of Lee Savold in twelve rounds at Madison Square Garden.

But of course neither of these fellows was a Joe Louis. On the other hand, Louis has kept himself busily active, and the history of the heavyweight class shows that the champion generally experienced a long period of idleness before the fight that turned out to be his Waterloo.

I think we can throw out the performances of both Louis and Conn in some of their fights this year. The experts made a great to-do over Abe Simon's lasting thirteen rounds with Louis and over Conn's exhibition with Gunnar Barland, but what were they kicking about? Louis knocked out Simon and Conn certainly made a punching bag out of the Gunnar. It was no fault of Conn's that Barland proved an unworthy opponent, and as for Louis against Simon, I think the thirteen-round workout did Joe more good than harm.

In every great heavyweight championship contest the ugly rumor of the "fix" is heard in irresponsible circles, and this fight is no exception. I have heard vague rumors to the effect that this fight was fixed for Conn to win. In justice to both Joe Louis and Billy Conn, I believe there is absolutely no truth in any such rumor. I do not believe that either of them would be a party to a fake.

And so I look for a real contest when Joe and Billy face each other in the ring, and I believe the winner will know that he was in a battle. That winner, I believe, will be Joe Louis by a knockout.

THE END

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

In Liberty last week Mr. Collins made it plain that this series represents an impartial inquiry in the direction of a real answer to a question that is world-wide, is by no means mere "hysterical chatter," and is due to Lindbergh's insistent prediction concerning the outcome of the war and to his apparent view that Americans should plan now to live in a world future dominated by dictatorship. This week Mr. Collins begins his systematic inquiry with a look into his subject's character-forming early years.

PART TWO—THE HERITAGE OF THE PAST

Lindbergh Acts that Way

☆ ASTONISHINGLY little is known about Charles Augustus Lindbergh. Few of us, for example, know where he was born or when; where he went to school and how long; what he did for a living before he began carrying the United States mail; who financed him on the publicity stunt which carried him to fame and fortune.

We know equally little about his present. Who are his intimate associates, his friends? With whom does he spend his business days, his evenings off? How much money has he? Where did he get it?

These fundamental facts we know in detail about every public man who has run for office; but Lindbergh has never done so, has never submitted himself to critical inspection.

We accepted him as the Greeks accepted their gods, emotionally, imaginatively. Godlike, he came riding to us in triumph on a cloud. We have never looked behind or below or within—especially within—that cloud. We don't know with what it is lined.

Suppose we try to find out. Let's begin with his father. In a general way, we know that the father wrote and spoke against war, and was criticized widely for his attitude. These facts have been receiving much publicity. The parallel between father and son has been frequently drawn, but usually by people who do not know that the motivating causes in the two instances were altogether different.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Sr., was born in Sweden and brought to a Minnesota farm in 1880, when he was not yet twenty-one. He was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan in 1883, and began the practice of law in Little Falls, Minnesota. This was the period when the Midwestern country was just struggling out from under the burdens heaped upon it by the so-called Robber Barons of Eastern capitalism. And this Charles Lindbergh, like many another small-town Midwestern lawyer, early conceived a hatred for the Eastern money powers.

This hatred so ruled his life that there is every reason to believe that, if he were alive today, he would tear the tongue out of his head before he would say a good word for a Fascist dictator who was striving by force to impose upon a staggering world the very way of life against which he consistently fought.

He entered the House of Representatives in 1907 and served until 1917. Throughout this decade he consistently attacked the "trusts" and advocated drastic governmental reforms.

"Ironically enough, in view of what fate had in store for his later distinguished son," writes an amused chronicler, "he directed many of his most bitter congressional attacks against the 'money trust' and the 'House of Morgan.' He did not live to see Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., take the daughter of House of Morgan Partner Morrow to bear the Lindbergh name, mother Lindbergh children, and share Lindbergh fame."

When the first World War broke out, the Minnesota congressman simply applied to it the same radical economic theories which he had applied to peace—and of this fact he has fortunately left a printed record. His theories of life, which are so different from his son's practices, are set forth explicitly in his book, The Economic Pinch; and the manner in which those theories led him to oppose our entry into the war is just as explicitly set forth in his second book, Why Is Your Country at War? which was suppressed by government agents in 1918 and contributed largely to his defeat when he ran for Governor of Minnesota in that year.

His "preoccupation was with the maldistribution of wealth in the U. S. A. He believed before 1917 that a war economy would further enrich the exploiting classes and further impoverish the exploited classes. That was the crux of his arguments against our intervention in behalf of the Allies."

If that is the "crux" of his son's arguments, the son has not indicated it in any way.

Of Charles Lindbergh's mother we know markedly less. Evangeline Lindbergh, however, was a woman of definite intellectual interests, a teacher of science, a woman capable of making her own way in the world. If she had differed from her husband in his determination to devote his life to the underdog, it is extremely likely that he would have heard of it and so would we.

Before her son's epochal flight to Paris, she and he seem to have seen less of each other than is usual with mother and son. This may have been due to circumstance. To celebrate his triumph, she was brought on to New York, but remained only briefly. His

1—Son and father, when the son was a little boy. 2—"Lindy," back from Paris, with his mother. 3—Riding up Broadway "amid the confetti." 4—In Paris with Ambassador Herrick.

first irritation with the press was said in newspaper circles to have occurred at his first press conference, when a well known reporter asked him the entirely natural question:

"Will you be at the station tonight to see your mother off?"

Lindbergh, who had been answering queries cheerfully enough for some minutes, apparently resented this intrusion into his private life.

"Gentlemen, if there are no more questions," he is reported as saying, "I think this interview is over."

Mrs. Lindbergh was also reported as present at her son's quiet wedding to Anne Morrow. Otherwise she has figured remarkably little in Charles Lindbergh's highly publicized goings and comings, and apparently has not shared his riches and his fame.

All of which, we find, is quite consistent with many other things in Lindbergh's life. None of his early associates, so far as is publicly known, has been asked to go along with him on the path to glory, though as a high official and heavy stockholder in commercial airplane companies he has presumably been in a position to advance the fortunes of many of those old schoolmates and old flying mates.

On one occasion, when his first flying teacher, Major Ira O. Biffle, was reported destitute and desperately ill of heart disease, he contributed fifty dollars to a fund for medical care. Otherwise he seems content to have shut himself off completely from his life before his flight to sudden fame.

Moreover, the feeling seems to have been largely reciprocated. "Slim" Lindbergh must have had childhood friends. He certainly had many fellow workers during his early flying career. Invariably, in other cases of the kind, such early associates have come forward with reminiscences, anecdotes, pleasantries. There is practically no such Lindberghiana.

Seldom, too, has there been such a complete silence on the part of relatives. Mothers especially are ready sources of childhood trivia. Mrs. James Roosevelt and "my boy Franklin" and Mrs. George Martin Dewey and "my son Tom" are examples of proud mothers and famous offspring that come immediately to mind. But not Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Sr. What she thinks of her son Charles she keeps to herself even now.

She has, so far as is known, said nothing for or against his current attitude toward world affairs; whereas his wife, as we know, has publicly supported it, and her mother has just as outspokenly opposed it.

To the radical congressman from Minnesota and his self-respecting, self-sufficient schoolteacher wife, considerably his junior, was born a son, the present-day Charles Lindbergh, in Detroit in 1902. The mother's presence in the Michigan city was, apparently, a temporary one. She and her son returned to Little Falls, Minnesota, and he was graduated from the local high school in 1918, the year his father was defeated in the governorship race.

He studied engineering for two years at the University of Wisconsin before enrolling in a flying school at Lincoln, Nebraska. In 1923 he purchased his first airplane and went barnstorming around the country as a stunt flyer. Subsequently he enrolled as a cadet in the United States Air Service Reserve in San Antonio, and in 1925 he won a Reserve commission as second lieutenant. Thereafter, until the end of 1926, he flew the mail between St. Louis and Chicago.

Even these bare facts were substantially unknown except to a few close friends when the hero Lindbergh sprang down out of the Paris skies.

"To most of the public," wrote one not unsympathetic observer, "Charles Lindbergh did not exist until one May day in 1927 when he was flying the North Atlantic. By the time he set foot again in the United States, the public had not stopped to consider what he was probably like. It had made up its mind that he was a sort of automaton of modesty, a creature boyish and noble, of heroic stature."

Obviously this was not entirely fair to Lindbergh. The fact was that, although indubitably boyish and heroic and very possibly noble, he was never even remotely modest.

"Charles is fifteen today," wrote

(*Continued on page 46*)

An impartial observer explores the enigma of our erstwhile No. 1 hero

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

the Private Life of Dinah Shore

A lively, revealing look at what's behind a new star's rise in radio

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

☆ "GREETINGS, music lovers—and that includes you, too, Toots. Once again you are tuned in on a concert of the no doubt world-renowned Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, whose members have consecrated their lives to the preservation of the music of the three Bs—Barrelhouse, Boogie-woogie, and the Blues.

"*And* present with us on this solemn occasion is Mlle. Dinah Diva Shore, who starts fires by rubbing two notes together."

With this unconventional introduction, scholarly announcer Gene Hamilton—"Dr. Gino" in the Lower Basin Street script—who usually handles the NBC Symphony and like high-brow acts, launched on its second lap the most unusual radio program of the year, and reintroduced to an already wildly enthusiastic listening audience the year's most successful new performer.

The Chamber Music Society stems authentically from that famous street in New Orleans which was the birthplace of jazz, through the person of its trumpeting originator, Henry Levine who succeeded to the mantle of Nick La Rocca in the Original Dixieland Jazz Band; and it lays some claim to its solemn sobriquet of Chamber Music through the presence in its ensemble of Toscanini's favorite clarinetist, Paul Laval.

The unusual feature of the performance, aside from its unusually high musicianly skill, is the fact that Messrs. Levine and Laval and their associates, especially Dr. Gino Hamilton, approach chamber music as an "art form" without the slightest vestige of awe. As one critic put it, the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street presents a program "which kids the stuffed shirts off the concert-music cult."

To one who has suffered long and, on the whole, patiently at the hands of said cult, the last-named achievement would seem fully to justify the Basin Street Society's well-nigh unanimous elevation to the Best Broadcasts of 1939-40. But, worthy as the Society is and all its works, it will probably go down in radio history as the program which gave that velvet-voiced vocalist, Dinah Shore, her first really good chance to lean against the national ear.

Although this white singer of dark songs is no longer of Lower Basin Street, and never was in fact—to the best of my knowledge, she has never even been in New Orleans—no one who knows her by ear can deny that she carries over into big-time radio the best traditions of the type of music which gave her fame. She is what is known along Radio Row as a "mood singer," or, as one of her admirers explained, "a rocking-chair singer who lures the tones from the pit of her stomach and moans 'em."

Her voice, bluey and moanin' low, has something else—personality. And that is a lot more important in a radio studio than it is in a theater or even in an opera house. For on the air the voice must do all the work.

And Dinah's voice has not only "sold" her sight unseen to millions of NBC listeners and thousands of buyers of Victor Bluebird records, but has been equal musically to every demand so far made upon it. For her repertoire is by no means limited to the confines of Lower Basin Street and its three Bs.

If you have heard her sing Jerome Kern's Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, you know that those limpid tones and halting rhythms, colored now and again by a husky timbre, are applicable to many kinds of music, perhaps to any.

Even more potent a factor, however, is a certain dramatic poignancy in her voice, an almost indescribable something which, at the Met, would be called *vibrato*, and in Tin Pan Alley is called *schmalz*. You can't listen to Dinah, even in her gayer moods, without wanting to sit right down and have a good cry, and love it.

Hearing is believing, as it should be with a radio artist; but, with Dinah, seeing is a little bit of honey, too.

She weighs just 114 pounds, this slip of a girl with the great big voice. Her eyes are brown, and her hair is raven black. Worn long and fluffy, it gives warmth and width to a classically proportioned long oval face. And her lips are as red as nature and lipstick can make them.

But when we've put all that down, we haven't begun to say how Dinah looks. For her appearance, like her voice, has that indefinable something called *schmalz*. She is the most vividly alive creature in all Radio Town. She has about her a morning freshness, a vivid warmth which is infinitely more effective than all the symmetry and coloring in the world.

Dinah, although not such deep South as Lower Basin Street, is definitely Southern. In fact, she was born—on March 1, 1917—in the very heart of Tennessee, over the Smokies, out Winchester way.

Her father, a prosperous small-town merchant, departed for Nashville and the larger life just in time to get caught—as weren't we all?—in the stock-market blitz of 1929. During the first years of her life, however, the little Shore girl had everything

Dinah Shore with her boss on Eddie Cantor's program.

that money could buy—in Winchester. And it was just as well, for at the age of two she came down with an attack of infantile paralysis, from which she might never have recovered without the aid of ample funds and expert care.

By nine she had completely conquered her enemy; and today, as you look at her straight young body, so lovely and so strong, it is hard to believe that she ever had a day of illness in her life.

Singing was one activity in which the child was not handicapped, even during the hard years. At three she had already begun to show signs of a distinct gift for it. At ten she was wowing the Ladies' Aid Society with I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby. And at fourteen she had so impressed with her voice the manager of the neighborhood night club that he offered her ten dollars to sing for his customers on Saturday night.

Knowing well that her parents would not approve of her venture, she went to bed as usual on the big night, waited until the place was absolutely quiet, and stole softly out of the house—first having also stolen her older sister's party gown and make-up kit. And all went well until she sauntered out on the floor to do her number, when her eye fell on Pa and Ma Shore sitting at a ringside table.

It was a toss-up which was the more embarrassed. Daughter and parents were both learning something about the other's night life! Anyhow, all hands were the best of scouts. Daughter went straight through with her routine, and Pa and Ma didn't take her home until she had collected her ten bucks.

Persuaded to go back to her schoolbooks, she entered upon her researches into sociology, both curricular and extracurricular, with the same careful thought which has characterized her musical career, both before and since the Nashville night-club incident.

"In high school," relates the budding sociologist and welfare worker, "I never went out with a boy unless he was on the football team. In college [she's a graduate of Vanderbilt University] I was more liberal—I would give a boy a date if he was on the baseball team."

Between games and dates, she kept on with her music and sang more or less regularly over WSM, and in the summer after her junior year at college she armed herself with a couple of letters of introduction and started for New York. She got as far as the microphone in the audition room, and then her vocal cords went dead on her. It couldn't have been lack of courage—she had shown no lack of that in her seven-year struggle for health. Perhaps it was awe. Anyhow, she opened her mouth and nothing came out.

That night a very shamefaced Vanderbilt subsenior was on her way back to Nashville.

It is hard to believe that this trag-

(*Continued on page 49*)

Rudolf Hess—the Mystery of the Man I Knew

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ REGARDLESS of the epochal war sensation and developments resulting from the escape from Germany of Rudolf Hess, I know he took this desperate step primarily to save his own head. He was a doomed man. I don't believe I can point out strongly enough how shocking an effect his historic flight has had on the morale of the German people and especially the high-ranking Nazi leaders.

This much I can tell you: He didn't escape to save the world and humanity nor because he considered himself a good Samaritan. This really was his excuse. I can tell you also that an attempt was made to assassinate him in 1939 in the Bier-Keller in Munich.

On that same occasion, that is, immediately after it, Hitler issued a statement that it was I, Otto Strasser, leader of the Free German movement, who was responsible for this attempted murder. But I can say today that the same parties who participated in that unfortunately unsuccessful maneuver are the ones who are behind Hess's dramatic and fantastic flight to safety, namely, Göring, Germany's strongest man, and several of the army leaders.

Since 1934 Göring has hated Hess and for a very good reason. On June 14 of that year Hess, the "Crown Prince," the prospective successor to Hitler, visited my brother, Gregor, and offered him the post of Minister of Economics. My brother told him, "Yes. I accept on one condition, and that is that you arrest Göring and Goebbels and see to it that they never again participate in German politics. I don't want to be associated with these criminals."

Fourteen days later, Göring's own bodyguard, members of the Gestapo, killed my brother at Lichterfelde, near Berlin. The Gestapo had informed Göring that my brother had objected to having any dealings with him. Why was Göring angry? Because Hess liked the idea and told it to Hitler. He wanted Strasser instead of Göring.

I believe that it is Göring's dream to do away with Hitler and Hitler's chief leaders, like Hess, Goebbels, Himmler, Ley, and others.

On April 23 of this year I received a secret report from one of the highest-ranking Nazi military leaders. Part of this report stated that "there was a new alliance in Germany between Göring and several high army leaders. The army and Göring's followers would revolt if Hitler attempted to invade Britain, because they knew he wouldn't succeed and that Göring could only be the successor if he would kill Hitler."

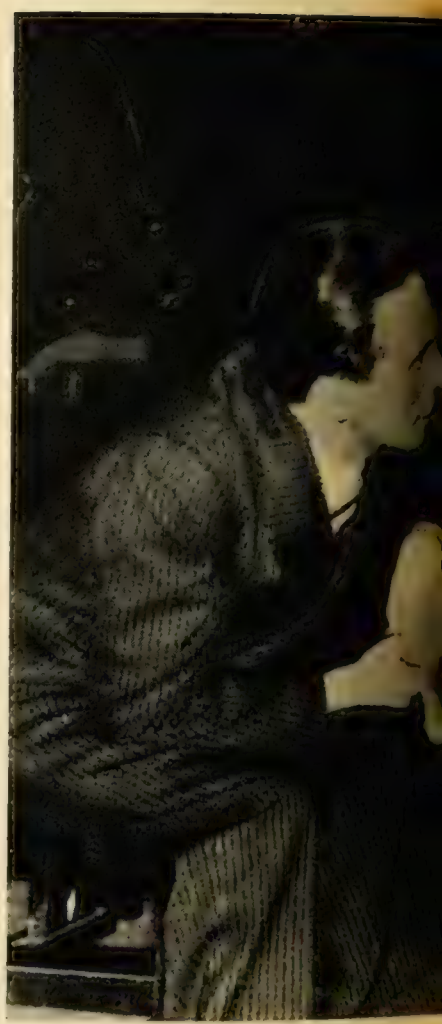
How did the army know that Hitler couldn't win by an invasion? Hitler's chief naval advisers had given him a sixty-eight-page report advising him not to attempt an invasion because 75 per cent of their fleet had been destroyed and they knew that you couldn't conquer a country from the air alone.

Hess knew of this report and, because he loved Hitler so well, he tried again and again to dissuade him from what he regarded as a foolhardy venture.

I was present at a dinner given by Hitler some years ago at which Hess and a few other party leaders also were guests, and in that wild gesticulating manner of his, Hitler shouted, "If I die my enemies will die with me, even if I have to force a bacterial war and completely destroy my hated enemies. If a Nazi-dominated country has no right to live, the other countries have no right either."

Hitler, as Hess and I knew him, had this terrible fixation about fomenting a bacterial war, and despite all that Hess has stood for in the Nazi Party, in its principles and beliefs, even he couldn't stomach this.

Hess knows that Hitler can never win the war against Great Britain, especially with the complete aid of the United States. He also knows that "Hitler wants to declare war against the American people, this on the advice of General Haushofer, his chief political adviser and close friend of Hess."



Göring, backed by the army, is merely waiting for Hitler to announce a declaration of war against America; at least, that is my opinion. The minute he does, Göring will overthrow Hitler and kill off his followers, among them being all such men as Hess.

Göring, in addition, has always been diplomatic enough to remain on friendly relations with Stalin, especially since he feels that with his backing he can eliminate Hitler. The old Prussian army leaders who are behind Göring would like to co-operate with the Russian army because it has been a tradition that whenever Germany has fought with Russia as an ally she has won, as is shown by the wars that finally overthrew Napoleon I; but when she has been against her she has lost.

Hess, however, has always been violently anti-Communistic. He realizes that Germany's ruin will be its closer affiliation with Stalin, and that it is the same as if Hitler, Göring, or the army leaders were selling Germany to Russia.

Molotov, who was deposed as Russia's Prime Minister, was himself opposed to Stalin allying himself with Hitler because he feared the same fate for Russia as did Hess for Germany. Hess had met Molotov on several occasions in his home in Berlin and disliked him and his party intensely.

When Stalin threw out Molotov and took over his post himself, Hess realized that Hitler was definitely with Stalin, and he, as well as other high-ranking Nazi members, wouldn't stand for it.

All of Hess's friends and followers are being rounded up and will be shot, thus starting a new purge similar to the ones indulged in by Stalin.

I mentioned before that Hess's escape has had an almost unbelievable effect on the morale of the German people. Despite Hitler's victories over the smaller nations, they do not believe that the war will be over in 1941, as Hitler promised them in his last New Year's proclamation. The German people are tired, and to have the third ranking Nazi flee for his life is probably evidence to them that all is not well.

The British bombings of Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, and Mannheim have been shown, according to reports received by me, that they "can't take it" as have the British.

You can especially appreciate this all the more when you realize that at the beginning of the war Hitler promised his people that "no foreign bombers will ever at any time bomb a German city but would be shot down before they even reached German territory."

Hess has always been against this coalition of Göring and the army. He had a taste of Göring's capacities as a betrayer in 1934, when he and Hitler tried to visit the dying von Hindenburg on his deathbed. At that time Hess and Hitler were refused admittance by the army leaders, but Göring and a few staff army leaders were permitted to see him. Perhaps this is why Nevile Henderson, who was then the British Ambassador to Germany, wrote to the late Neville Chamberlain suggesting that Göring would be more acceptable than Hitler to Great Britain for diplomatic reasons.

Göring is well informed about Henderson's letter, and if he is successful in dethroning Hitler, Göring will ask for peace, backed by the army leaders, who no longer see a victory possible against Britain and the United States.

With all this knowledge, Hess knew that his life wouldn't be worth a thing, and that is why his seemingly amazing flight has had repercussions in all parts of the world.

The Gestapo has set a reward for my head of $500,000, but I am certain that for Hess they will offer a great deal more.

The GPU and Gestapo will try to kill him, just as they have made attempts to kill me in Prague and Saarbrücken.

I have been asked if I would take him into my Free German movement as a member, but I definitely will not, because a man who could follow Hitler until 1941, and who had a chance to kill Hitler and didn't, is no one I can use.

THE END

BY DR. OTTO STRASSER

Once the Nazi Party's head organizer in Berlin; now leader of the anti-Nazi "Black Front".

Is the end near for Hitler? A famous ex-Nazi offers a startling version of history's most fantastic flight

Three of a kind, not long before the middle one, Hess, took flight "to save humanity"—or, as Dr. Strasser says, his own skin. The others, of course, are Goebbels and Hitler.

Drake's Drum

A vivid, stirring story of a small boy's faith—and the courage that is England

☆ MEMORY is a tricky thing. It works upon our behavior and our sentiments. It may build a man or a nation, and it can mar and confuse the soul of either. And, above all that, once in a while it creates an astounding unreality. It brings wrong images before our eyes; it makes us say, "I have been here before"; and it allows us to dream while awake. In one moment it can twist the neck of time, leaving a man confused, or happy, or with a vision.

Lieutenant John Mackenzie experienced just such a moment at three o'clock in the midst of a March afternoon of the year 1941. He was looking out over the top of a half-finished pillbox down at the smooth beach below, and what he saw threw his memory back over many years and many things. It took him back to Vancouver, to the library of the University of British Columbia, to Dean Sewell's office, and to the picture that hung over the dean's desk. It was a picture called The Boyhood of Raleigh. He could remember it quite clearly. There was an old man perched on a log, or something like that; and in front of him, on the beach, their arms hugging their knees, were two small boys, Raleigh and a friend. In the background was the cloudy sky of a spring day.

Lieutenant Mackenzie grinned absent-mindedly. He pushed his Glengarry farther back on his head and lit a cigarette. It was the same thing down there now on the beach: the old man perched on a piece of driftwood, and the kid sitting in the sand, listening to the old man spinning yarns about the sea.

The Boyhood of Raleigh, model 1941. As if that could help them in any way. The great past wouldn't beat the Nazis. Mackenzie shook his head. The seafaring tradition of old Albion was a rather slender lance with which to tilt U-boats. Pluck and spirit were only words when they stood unarmed. He'd take a Stuka over spirit any day. And so would the Germans! But what good did his thinking all that do? He was just one more Canadian officer digging in to be blown out by Herr Göring's Luftwaffe, and cursing the English, who wouldn't help him at all.

He turned back to his men and stood watching for a while. His swagger stick was neatly stuck under his arm, and his lean straight body was an uncompromising symbol of authority. Although he was unaware of it, Mackenzie, in his way, represented a part of the past for which he had such a fine contempt. He was a British soldier for all his Canadian New Worldliness; and had he been born three hundred years earlier, he wouldn't have looked very different.

As he stood watching the men pouring the cement into the forms for the pillbox, Mackenzie's attention was suddenly diverted by a soft puff of wind that blew against him; and then

"I want to get to the top," he said boldly. "I have some things up there. And I want to look at my hut."

PETER VIERTEL

his ears picked up the muffled sounds of explosions in the north.

☆ THE old man's voice stopped abruptly. His wrinkled hand, grasping the pipe, stopped with his voice, and for many seconds he sat frozen, the stem of the pipe not six inches from his half-open mouth. The boy, sitting in the sand at his feet, turned his head slightly toward the sea as though he wanted to shake from his ears the sounds of the explosions far away.

"And then, Mister Jan?" he asked. His high soft voice was stronger than the explosions. "What did the queen do then?"

"They're at Plymouth again, the blighters," the old man said absently. "Damn 'em. Killing the fishermen and breaking the docks."

"What did the queen do about Drake and his seamen?"

The pipe found its haven between the old man's yellow teeth.

"She knighted him, laddie," the old man said, "right on the deck of the Golden Hind, with the blue sky of Devon up above and these same red rocks looking down. She touched him on the shoulder with his own sword, an' he got up a knight of the queen."

"And now tell me what he is doing now, what he keeps doing day after day."

"I've told that one enough times," the old man said, "and right now it's time for tea."

"Tell me once more, Mister Jan, and you won't have to be telling it again—not for a whole month maybe. 'It is known by all the folk of Devon—'" the boy prompted impatiently.

"All rightie, all rightie." The old man seemed to be gathering his voice. Then he began, a low solemn tone: "It is known by all the folk of Devon, and a good many folk all over the British Isles, that somewhere there's a drum that's got a special call. This drum has a deep round tone that can carry over to Eire and America, that can carry over the world if it needs to and up to heaven. That is the drum that's to be beat when England is in need, in dire distress, you understand, lad."

The old man's face was serious, as though this were some sort of prayer he was reciting. The boy was looking up into the sky.

"Well, when this drum is sounded, and maybe none here will hear it if it is, then Drake will return; for he is somewhere now, somewhere near at hand to England, and with the sounding of the drum he will come back, swinging his sword and shouting, 'St. George for merrie England!' and England shall be saved."

The rumbling of the explosions had died, and only the lapping of the surf could be heard. The boy didn't move, as though his stillness could hold the illusion the old man's voice had created for him.

"And now tea, or I'll bloody well be froze," the old man said. "Come along lad."

"I'll be along later, Mister Jan," the boy said. "I'll not be wanting any tea today."

The old man had no opportunity to object, for the boy had suddenly jumped up and was now running off through the sand.

"Jim! Jimmy!" Jan shouted, but his voice was no match for the waters of the Channel. And even if it had been, Jimmy would not have heeded it.

He was running down the beach now, his legs pushing his feet deep into the soft sand. There were better things to do than sit at home and guzzle tea. He was going up to the rocky cliffs that overlooked the cove. He still had one hour of daylight in which to play. Up there among the red cliffs he had his own hideaway, a small hut, where he stored his most personal belongings: a wooden sword; the name plate off an old tractor; and his father's old compass, a regulation army compass encased in worn leather with the emblem of the British army.

It wasn't much higher now, he thought. Only around the next bend, and then he would turn suddenly, as he always did, and look out over the blue sea, feeling suddenly the heights that his climb had taken him to. He moved more quickly, and then he came to a stop as a harsh voice cried out to him:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"It's me," he said. He hardly felt frightened. After all, this was his domain.

"Who's you?" the voice asked from higher up.

"Jim," he said rather stiffly—"Jim Alcott of Brixham."

"All right," the voice said, "come ahead."

Jim moved forward until he was well around the next turn in the trail. From there he looked out across the face of the cliff to where his hut was hidden among the red rocks, but there was a white mound there now and men working near it, men in khaki. Indignant, he started forward, running as fast as he could. He'd stop them. He'd keep them out of his place.

But before he could quite reach the spot where his clubhouse had been, a man confronted him on the narrow path. He had on the regular battle dress that all English troops wear in the field, but he carried a swagger stick with a shining silver knob, and the golden pips on his shoulder straps distinguished him from the other men.

"Hold on, Mr. Alcott," he said, grinning broadly. "This is as far as you may go."

"Why?" Jim asked hotly. "Who are you to stop me from going up to my place?"

The man grinned and then saluted smartly. "Permit me to present myself," he said sarcastically. "Lieutenant Mackenzie, of the Seventy-second Seaforth Highlanders, at your service. We have traveled all the way from Canada to make ourselves available to the mother country. In other

(*Continued on page 58*)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

High Finance and Hen

Last week Liberty printed a Fibber McGee and Molly radio broadcast as a sample of what makes America laugh in 1941.

This week The Aldrich Family, written by Clifford Goldsmith, is introduced as a radio program that is making broadcast history. Heard for the first time only two years ago, this all-American family has risen to fourth place in popularity among all the radio broadcasts on the air!

Now Liberty brings for the first time to the printed page the high light of an Aldrich Family radio script, starring Ezra Stone as Henry Aldrich, a seventeen-year-old genius at inviting trouble.

Here is what a radio audience of twenty million people listens to and laughs at every Thursday night over NBC!

☆ THE time is evening. The scene is the Aldrich living room. An earnest son stares hopefully at his long-suffering father who pretends to read the paper. Mrs. Aldrich sits quietly at his side.

HENRY: Father, when somebody puts an article up for sale at an auction, does it get a pretty good price?

MR. ALDRICH: Well, that all depends upon whether your mother is bidding on it.

MRS. ALDRICH: Sam, I never paid too much for anything in my life.

MR. ALDRICH: That is a matter of opinion.

HENRY: If you sell something, who gets the money?

MR. ALDRICH: Well, the auctioneer gets ten per cent and you get the rest.

HENRY: Is that right, father? Ninety per cent clear profit!

The scene changes to:

AUCTIONEER (*in monotone, off*): What am I bid for this priceless object? Thirty-five, thirty-five, -five, -five, -five, -five. Who'll make it forty?

HENRY: See what I mean, Tommy? Boy, folks are buying any old thing! Look at that washbowl and pitcher that are up for sale.

TOMMY: That's what I say.

AUCTIONEER: Forty-five, -five, -five, -five, -five.

HENRY: I wouldn't even carry it home if you gave it to me. And somebody's bidding fifty dollars. Wait'll my stuffed owl goes up. Boy, if people are paying that much for an old pitcher, what'll they pay for an owl?

TOMMY: There'll be a riot! . . . Say, look! What is it he's selling now?

HENRY: Isn't that my owl?

TOMMY: Gee, I think so, Henry.

AUCTIONEER: Fifty dollars, fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty. Who'll make it sixty? Sixty, sixty, sixty, sixty I have. Who'll make it seventy, seventy, seventy? Sixty-five the gentleman bids! Seventy I have.

HENRY: Tommy, they're bidding seventy dollars just for my darned old owl!

TOMMY: Why haven't *I* got one?

AUCTIONEER: Sold to the lady for seventy dollars. You're lucky, my friend. It's worth five hundred if it's worth a cent.

TOMMY: Henry, you've made a fortune!

HENRY: Yeah? Only, Tommy, I don't think that was my owl. The owl is still up there. What he's handing her is a fur coat.

AUCTIONEER: Now then, my friends, we're about to put up on the block one stuffed owl. Take a look at him. He looks like my grandfather, after he took to drink. What am I offered, folks? What am I offered?

HENRY: How much do you think we'll get, Tommy?

AUCTIONEER: Ten, ten I'm offered, ten, ten, ten. Take another look, folks. It's hand-sewn, hand-stuffed, handy to carry! No extra charge for the moths. Fifteen the lady offers! Fifteen, fifteen, fifteen! Twenty, twenty, twenty, twenty, twenty!

HENRY: Tommy, do you hear that? And they've just barely started.

AUCTIONEER: Who'll make it twenty-five? Who'll make it twenty-five? It's robbery, folks. A sacrifice!

HENRY: Gee, and all I have to pay him is ten per cent.

AUCTIONEER: Twenty-five I'm bid. Who'll make it thirty, thirty, thirty? Twenty-five I'm bid. Who'll make it thirty? Now, wait a minute, friends. Don't let the appearance mislead you. This bird may look dead right now. But at night they say he comes to life. Who'll make it thirty, thirty, thirty?

LADY: Fifty.

AUCTIONEER: Fifty it is!

HENRY: Gee whiz, fifty dollars!

TOMMY: Henry, you can quit school and go to work.

HENRY: If I get ten more you can quit with me.

AUCTIONEER: Sold to the lady with the little girls for fifty. You've got a fine pet there, my little friends.

HENRY: Tommy, did you hear that? Fifty dollars, and five minutes ago I didn't have a nickel in my pocket! Just between ourselves, I wouldn't give fifty cents for it.

TOMMY: Frankly, neither would I.

HENRY: And my folks laughed at me.

AUCTIONEER: Now then, folks, here we have a beautiful set of porch furniture. Every piece in excellent condition! What am I offered? Five dollars to start. Five, five, five. This wicker sofa alone is worth five. Just made to kiss a pretty girl on. You got the sofa and the cushions and the chair! Your girl furnishes the kiss!

HENRY: Look, Tommy. There's Shorty Woods!

AUCTIONEER: Ten I'm bid. Ten, ten, ten, ten, ten.

HENRY: Hi, Shorty.

AUCTIONEER: Twelve I have. Twelve, twelve, twelve.

TOMMY: Shorty didn't see you, Henry. Wave to him.

AUCTIONEER: Who'll make it fifteen?

HENRY: Hi, Shorty!

four-star broadcast
y the Aldrich Family

dAldrich

PHOTOGRAPH FOR LIBERTY BY JOHN SCOTT

AUCTIONEER: And it's sold for fifteen dollars to the young gentleman over there.

HENRY (*choking*): What was that?

AUCTIONEER: I hope you have a pretty girl, my friend.

HENRY: I didn't buy that. I didn't buy anything.

AUCTIONEER: You waved your hand, sir.

HENRY: I know, but—

AUCTIONEER: Don't apologize. Come up and get it, sir. I'm just sorry we won't be able to see you get that first kiss.

That night. The scene is the Aldrich living room.

HENRY: Father, you're a lawyer, aren't you?

MR. ALDRICH: I am.

HENRY: Well, if somebody says they're willing to pay fifty for something, does that mean fifty cents or fifty dollars?

MR. ALDRICH: It might mean either one.

HENRY: *I* thought it meant fifty dollars. But all I got was fifty cents.

MR. ALDRICH: Alice, can you understand this?

MRS. ALDRICH: No, Sam.

HENRY: I sold that stuffed owl at the auction and I owe the auctioneer fifteen dollars for it.

MR. ALDRICH: You owe him fifteen dollars for what you brought home?

HENRY: Now you're getting the idea, father.

MR. ALDRICH: Is the auction room closed?

HENRY: Just until tomorrow.

MR. ALDRICH: Then tomorrow you're going back with that furniture and have it resold!

HENRY: But supposing I don't get fifteen dollars for it?

MR. ALDRICH: Then we'll take the difference out of your allowance.

HENRY: Gee whiz! The more allowance I get, the more I seem to owe people.

The scene changes to the auction room the next day.

AUCTIONEER: Fifteen! Who'll give twenty? Fifteen! Who'll give twenty, twenty, twenty? Twenty I have.

TOMMY: He said he'd be putting your stuff up pretty soon.

AUCTIONEER: Twenty-five I have. Who'll give twenty-seven? Do I hear twenty-seven, folks? Take a look at it.

HENRY: Gee, Tommy, look! It's a sewing machine. Boy, would I like to have that!

TOMMY: What would you do with it?

HENRY: I could take it apart.

AUCTIONEER: Sold for twenty-seven dollars!

HENRY (*alarmed*): Say, he didn't sell that to us, did he?

TOMMY: No, he's not even looking at us.

HENRY: Well, don't move while we're in here. That's how this whole trouble began.

AUCTIONEER: The next article is this fine, durable, handsome set of porch furniture. Who'll open the bid? Who'll start it for two? . . . Did I hear two?

TOMMY (*low*): Keep still, Henry!

HENRY (*low*): Keep still yourself. And put that handkerchief away.

AUCTIONEER: Who'll make it two, two, two? Will anybody open it for one?

HENRY: Gee whiz, here's where I lose fifteen dollars!

AUCTIONEER: Do I hear one, one? One I hear. Two, two, two fifty. Three, four. Five, I have. Five, five, five.

HENRY: Is that five cents or five dollars?

TOMMY: I think it's five dollars.

AUCTIONEER: Six. Six dollars I have.

TOMMY: It *is* dollars!

AUCTIONEER: Six I have. Eight, eight I have. Eight, eight. Do I hear nine? Nine I have. Ten, ten, ten. Ten it is. Going for ten dollars. Do I hear eleven? Ten it is. Ten. Do I hear eleven? Going for ten dollars.

TOMMY: Gee, Henry, are *you* going to lose money!

HENRY (*his voice breaking*): I'll make it eleven dollars!

TOMMY: Attaboy, Henry! You saved yourself!

AUCTIONEER: Eleven I have.

LADY: Twelve.

AUCTIONEER: Twelve I have. Twelve, twelve, going at twelve.

HENRY: Do you think I dare go any higher, Tommy?

TOMMY: Why not? You've got that lady on the run!

AUCTIONEER: Twelve it is! Think of it, folks. The family that owns this had to sacrifice it. A forced sale from one of the finest families in Centerville.

HENRY: I'll make it thirteen dollars.

AUCTIONEER: Thirteen I have. Thirteen I have.

LADY: Fourteen.

AUCTIONEER: Fourteen, fourteen I have. Fourteen, fourteen. Who'll make it fifteen?

HENRY: Eighteen. I mean fifteen!

AUCTIONEER: Eighteen I have!

TOMMY: Now you've done it, Henry!

HENRY: Gee whiz!

AUCTIONEER: Eighteen I have. Eighteen. Will the lady make it nineteen? Eighteen is all I have. Eighteen. Going. Going at eighteen.

HENRY: Gee whiz!

AUCTIONEER: Gone once at eighteen.

HENRY (*low*): I haven't got eighteen dollars!

AUCTIONEER: Going twice at eighteen.

HENRY: You bid, Tommy! Take it away from me!

TOMMY: Mister, I'll make it nineteen!

AUCTIONEER: Nineteen I have! Nineteen, nineteen. Going once at nineteen.

TOMMY: Now look at what you've done, Henry! Will my father be sore!

AUCTIONEER: Going twice at nineteen.

TOMMY: Henry, take it away from me!

HENRY: Should I?

AUCTIONEER: Going three—

HENRY: Twenty dollars.

AUCTIONEER: And now I have twenty! Twenty, twenty.

LADY: Twenty-one dollars!

AUCTIONEER: Sold for twenty-one dollars to the lady down here in front!

HENRY: Tommy! Tommy! We sold it! We sold it! We made six dollars!

TOMMY: Where are you going, Henry?

HENRY: Home and get some more stuff to sell! . . . Tommy, do you know who that was that bought the sofa?

TOMMY: Who, Henry?

HENRY: That was Beatrice Tompkins' mother. And, boy—gee whiz—did you ever notice Bee Tompkins?

THE END

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ PETER STANLEIGH of British Intelligence assumes the identity of Paul Sturm, a Nazi agent caught in England on his way to Antwerp from Canada, and goes, in his place, to the espionage school run by the mysterious Fräulein Doktor in the Belgian city. He is accepted at once as Sturm and sets about trying to find out details about Germany's next move against England.

D'Hasque, a patriotic Belgian who has smuggled out many of his countrymen to fight for freedom, introduces Stanleigh to Dupon, a hairdresser who operates a secret wireless through which the young Englishman hopes to keep in touch with his chief, Sir John Helton. When Stanleigh cannot leave the House on Harmony Street—Fräulein Doktor's school—D'Hasque's daughter Melanie, who is at the school posing under the name of Maria Luys, as a pro-Nazi Belgian, carries messages.

Fräulein Doktor takes a fancy to Stanleigh, alias Sturm, and convinces General von Brauchmann, military head of the district, that he is a valuable man. Schmidt, who has formerly been her right-hand man, is jealous and suspicious of the newcomer. Working in the wireless room, Stanleigh learns something of the placing of various German agents and is able to warn Sir John via Dupon's wireless. He also learns that Berlin suspects that he, Stanleigh, is working in France.

Fräulein Doktor is coming more and more to rely on him, and he hopes to get valuable information from her. She tells him she is suspicious of Maria—Melanie—and asks him to watch the girl. Peter agrees.

One day he follows Melanie to the Steen, an old castle which is being used as a military headquarters by the Nazis. As she disappears he is seized by a fear, prompted by his love for her. Suppose she has walked into a trap under orders! Suppose she never comes out?

the House on Harmony Street

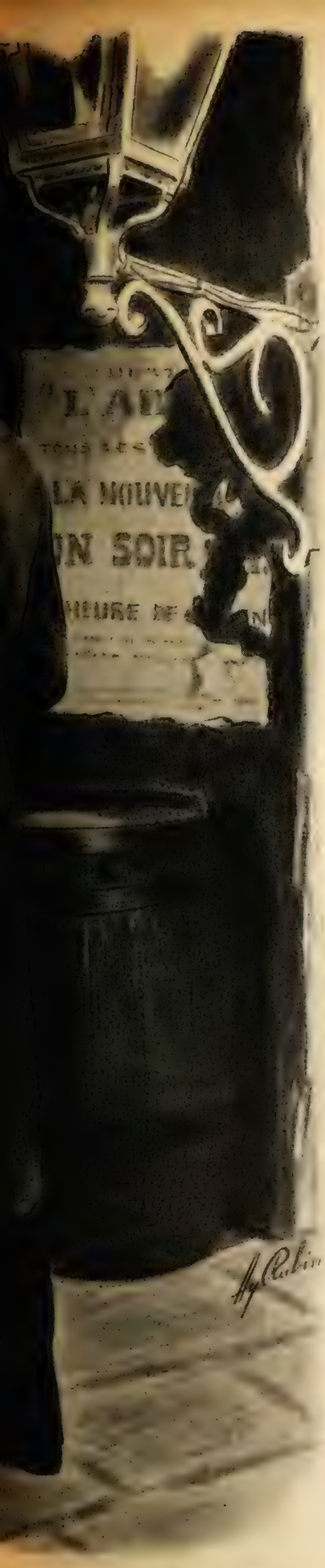
ILLUSTRATOR MY RUBIN

"I'll—be—all right—in a minute," she gasped. "Oh, I'm glad you're here!"

PART FIVE—MELANIE ESCAPES A TRAP

☆ IT took a written pass to get through that door and far enough in to be of any use. Peter had none. But could he help Melanie even if he got in? Probably not, and he might endanger her if the errand were legitimate.

Across the River Scheldt, the small two-street town of Ste. Anne hugged the slight slope that led up to the flat-land known as the Tête de Flandre. On the quay two girls stood in wooden tubs and rhythmically moved their legs up and down, washing mussels with their bare feet as their mothers and grandmothers had done before



them. Pale sunlight fell on them. But the door of the Steen, through which he prayed for Melanie to come, was in shadow, as though the sun might fall on it and the door still remain dark. Wild thoughts went through his mind. Half-formed crazy plans to go in and get her out of there—yes, and smash up everything he had been sent to Antwerp to do? And not get her out in the end anyhow?

He should be back at the House. But it was impossible for him to leave. She could not stay many more minutes—unless she were not to come out at all. No errand to the military took long, after you once got in. A century passed. The girls across the Scheldt were wiping their feet. Had they only *now* finished washing the mussels? His eyes had left the door scarcely a moment, but when he looked back, Melanie stood outside it. She looked white and undecided and all in. Then she saw him and ran the few steps to him and leaned breathlessly against him. He drew her round the corner of a little street toward the town, out of sight of the guards of the Steen.

"I'll—be—all right—in a minute," she gasped. "Oh, I'm glad you're here!"

They went into a disreputable water-front pub and he gave her a glass of wine. But they couldn't talk there. And it was hard, as they walked again in the streets, to say anything others couldn't hear. It was easier as they crossed the wide square of the Place Verte. Melanie had got back her composure, thanks to the air and the wine and Peter.

"She sent me for this." Melanie opened the leather bag she was carrying and indicated a long brown envelope. "Documents of some sort."

"Probably worthless," said Peter. "What happened to frighten you?"

"The map can wait," he said. "What happened to *you?*"

"He looked up from his desk and caught me—I know now the map was left in sight so I'd stare at it—and he lit into me. Then he started asking me questions. He fired them at me like bullets—trying to get me confused and make me say something wrong. I don't know how I lived through it. And then he talked to me terribly, and when I thought I'd never get out of there again—he suddenly let me go." She stopped for breath. "You are right, Peter. These papers are worth nothing. I know that now. He tried to trap me and then to frighten me so that I'd be so glad to get out I'd run away and take these with me and—Peter, we must hurry back. This is the one time I must go back to the House—because they don't expect me."

"You *have* courage!"

She held tight to his arm. "I'm so glad you came. If you hadn't been there to help me balance up, I *might* have run—and it would have been all wrong for all of us."

Peter reported to Fräulein Doktor when he went to her to work that evening. "I'm sorry I was not here when you sent for me this afternoon. I followed Maria Luys."

Fräulein Doktor was tense. There was strain in her voice. "Yes," she said, "I know. I'm told she looked upset when she came out of the Steen. Did you notice it?"

"She was, a little."

"Is that why you went into that dump—to give her a drink?"

"No," grinned Peter; "because *I* wanted one, and it was a chance."

"When the other operative saw you start home with her, he decided he didn't need to follow farther. Are you sure that she wanted to come home?"

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

Thrills! The breath-taking story of a brave romance beset by deadly danger

"Have you ever met the Herr Captain Lesser?"

"He was at the House yesterday. I saw him with Fräulein."

"How he can bellow! And what questions he can ask! I was waiting for him to assemble the documents from his desk drawer. There was a map on the wall—one that a section of the wall slides over—but the panel was open. The map shows positions and numbers of military and naval things—air bases—all sorts of other things too. I tried to remember details of it, but you know I'm no good at that sort of thing. Peter, you should see that map. I'm sure it's the whole story."

Then another had been sent to follow her if she bolted. That was clear. "She had plenty of opportunity to go in the other direction before she saw me," said Peter.

"True, I suppose. Well? You were about to say something more?"

"I think places like the Steen and military methods scare Fräulein Luys," he said. "She is better in an office."

"Perhaps," said Fräulein Doktor, and dropped the subject. "Have you had dinner?"

"Yes—I've just finished." It was an effort to hold back his anger.

"Then we'll go to work—no coffee and brandy tonight."

"No Schiaparelli gown either," he

said mechanically, knowing the game with Fräulein Doktor must be played far more intimately if he were to get all his information and then be able to take Melanie safely out of there.

They started to work on the late afternoon reports. Fräulein seemed restive—strange. She either snapped an answer or paid no attention to anything he asked her. She either rushed beyond the customary speed or she slowed down to something less. The two moods alternated in a ragged fashion — wholly unlike the swift smooth rhythmic method they had been using since he had taken on this confidential job.

He had developed a way of prompting her to do things—especially things he knew Old Helly-John could easily combat.

Now, regarding a bulletin, he said, "Schnabel has done all he can in Gibraltar now that General Korff has arrived near there with his staff. It should be a military situation in no time. Why not send Schnabel on up to Lorient?" It was a chance shot while she was off the alert. Also, he'd had word that day that Hamilton was in Lorient, ready to take care of Schnabel if he arrived.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered absent-mindedly.

"Shall I put through the message?"

"No, wait," she said, and began to order things about in Norway. "They are getting out of hand there," she said. "We must stop them." Later she said, "Send Schnabel to Lorient —yes, only Schnabel is safe in northwest France."

So it *was* Ireland! They worked tirelessly. How the thing was shaping up! Schnabel to Lorient, Raeder in Cork, General Korff in Spain with the "tourists."

☆ THEY had been working for hours. Fräulein Doktor had got hold of herself. She paced up and down the room giving directions, and Peter kept at a steady mechanical speed to keep up the job of getting them ready for Dietrich to send before the wireless was shut down for the night. During the latter part of the evening they had worked, thought Peter, like two synchronized pneumatic drills—with that same tense hammering speed, that same inevitable penetration. But tonight, as they had spread about in their attack, even after she had got into the swing of it, she had seemed as though pushed and driven.

Suddenly she sank down on the divan. "*Gott verdammt!*" she cried. "Can I take care of it all? Can I be blamed when they do not take advantage of what I open to them? I have opened up Ireland! Tromsö should be ready! I have opened up Spain and all France. Lorient should be ready! Yet we must send Schnabel to Lorient! I prepared Belgium! We are here! Yet recruiting still goes on. We seek out the Jews—and the whole population comes out with arm bands!" By the anticlimax of her speech, he knew that it all went back to something of von Brauchmann and the afternoon, to something less than Ireland, less than Norwegian sabotage, to a human and personal point. Yet for him it might be a point of departure to the larger attack.

He looked across the room at her. "You give them too much—what no other could—and they ask for more."

Her eyes reached his. "Von Brauchmann was here—this afternoon. He was in a rage."

"Don't let him bother you. The generals would mean nothing—their armies could get nowhere—if your fellows didn't prepare the ground."

"Yes"—her voice was bitter—"but who knows it?"

He looked across the few feet of space between them. It was almost time to go over to her. The one way to reach an egoist was to disparage the egoism of others. "Do you expect them to admit it?" he demanded. "Did you expect them to admit you had taken France before them? Could they have downed the people of France if you had not reached the few keymen before the generals entered?"

She looked at him from the divan. "You know that."

"I know it," said Peter, and he did. She smiled at him, a small grateful and rueful twist of the lips. He pressed the advantage: "And they could not take Ireland now—if you had not prepared the way." He got up and went over to her. "Von Brauchmann is a fool if he expects more than you give," he said. "Ireland is enough now."

"We have not Ireland yet," she said.

"No," he answered and hoped he put what he did not mean into his voice when he said, "No—not yet."

Her head tipped back against the divan. "Perhaps when it's done—" she said bitterly.

"They will take the credit," said Peter, "in five days from now—"

"Three," she murmured apathetically. It was what he had waited for.

☆ HE ignored it as though he had not heard and bent over her in concern. "You are tired out." His voice was soothing, sympathetic. There were circles under her eyes. "You are so lovely and you are so tired—" He sensed the almost vocal cry of her body's loneliness. He took her into his arms.

"No," she said, but not with her usual decision.

He bullied her. He had to know more definitely about the remainder of the plan. He bullied her, knowing that would be the only way to her. He became so brutal in his love-making that at last he broke through the wall she had built about herself, and the pent-up passion of the years—since Karl—came to meet him. Finally she lay back quietly in his arms.

"Why did you wait till tonight?" she asked.

"Because you didn't want this before."

"Didn't I?" She stayed motionless, relaxed.

"When the siege of Ireland is over," he said, "you must have a rest."

She seemed to be gathering forces within her again. "Perhaps next week —we'll go to the south of France—you and I. It is quiet there."

"The end of *this* week," said Peter, "since it will be done in three days."

She smiled, a superior of experience condescending to a good novice. "It will be started in three days but not over. We can go next week."

He hated himself as he held this avid woman, but he had found out what he wanted to know. He thought

(*Continued on page 50*)

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz Gregory Pinquetea, our question expert, scored a nasty fourteen right. He missed Nos. 2, 6, 8, 11, 17, and 20. He commented that No. 5 was too easy and No. 8 "merely something with which to astound your friends."

1—The son of what general, famed in American history, recently was appointed to the U. S. Senate?

2—Is a baseball field a diamond, a square, or a circle?

3—How can you tell how far away a flash of lightning is?

4—Was "Tommy Atkins," the nickname for British soldiers, a real person? If not, who invented him?

5—Which play has been played before more audiences than any other, and who was the playwright?

6—A commission was recently sent from London, England, to San Francisco. For what purpose?

7—What is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s job in the defense program?

8—What lake is said to have the longest name of any lake in the U. S., and where is it?

9—When was the "Era of Good Feeling" in the U. S., and who was President then?

10—Why do we call it the seamy side of life?

11—The world's largest bomber, recently built in the U. S., is the Douglas B-19. Can it go nonstop 2,300, 3,400, 4,600, or 7,750 miles?

12—The last name of what famous opera singer is the same as the first four letters of the last name of what other famous opera singer?

13—Where was poker believed to have been invented?

14—What well known American actor is also recognized as an etcher and a musician?

15—When you say "By heck!" whose power are you invoking?

16—Because a famous American recently joined it, the firm of Miller, Owen, Otis, and Bailly has recently been changed to what?

17—One day at the races, every horse finishing first, second, or third paid off at four to one. There were six races. If you started with two dollars, did not bet more than that on any horse, how much could you win?

18—Ban on what modern invention has recently been partially lifted in Bermuda as a result of defense building there by the U. S.?

19—Modern thugs are gangsters—but what were thugs originally?

20—When Mr. and Mrs. S. Arlington Brugh sailed on a cruise recently, there was excitement when fellow passengers recognized them as two famous film stars. Who are they?

(*Answers will be found on page 60*)

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"*Correct!* Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Medals on the Wall

BY

JAMES R. WEBB

☆ It was a pretty bad way for Bill to die. It might have been sort of glorious for a rookie cop, I guess, but for a guy like Bill it seemed kind of futile. We got there as soon as the ambulance did, and the medical examiner and his staff looked at Bill and then at the body of the punk sprawled in the stolen car, and after everything had been checked and the pictures taken, they started to put both Bill and the punk in the ambulance.

"You can't do that," the lieutenant said. "Bill's not going to ride with a rat like that. Get another ambulance."

The medical examiner cleared his throat and said, "Yeah, that's right," and I went over to the box and called for another ambulance. We stood with our caps off while they lifted Bill inside. It was raining.

"We'll have to tell his wife," the lieutenant said. "Maybe we'd better get a cup of coffee first."

"Or a drink," I said.

The lieutenant hesitated. "We're in uniform," he said. "We'll put the drink in the coffee."

We sat at the counter and drank the coffee with the drink in it. We drank it slowly. "I'd just as soon cut my leg off," the lieutenant said. "I mean it."

"Likely she'll show us the medals," I said. "I don't know if I can stand that." Then I had the waiter put some more coffee in the half-filled cup. I wanted to make it last. "Lordy," I said, "it would have to be a punk. A lousy two-bit punk. St. Mihiel and the Argonne and twenty years of handling real tough guys—and now this punk—"

"Remember when Bill brought in Lefty Shilluk?" the lieutenant said. "We all went out to dinner that night. That's the last time I saw his wife. She was kidding him. She claimed he was using hair dye—trying to make out he wasn't pushing forty-five. But I guess she was proud—"

He shoved off the stool and I followed him to the car.

☆ We didn't look at Bill's wife when she opened the door. We just took off our caps and followed her into the parlor. I don't know what she said, but somehow we knew she had already heard about it. Probably they had told her over the phone, the fools, but the lieutenant had been planning all along what he was going to say, so he told her anyway. He had to say something.

"Bill didn't know who this guy was," he said. "He wasn't careless. Honest he wasn't. He just thought this guy had run through a signal, see? Bill was coming out of a barbershop and he heard the traffic officer's whistle and saw this car, so he stepped into the street to get the license number and maybe stop the car. Then this punk got scared and shot him. You should be mighty proud. Nobody but Bill could have got his gun out and fired it on the way down—that is, and hit a guy in a moving car."

The lieutenant's voice trailed off. "You should be mighty proud," he said again, but it didn't sound convincing. I knew he was thinking about the Argonne and real public enemies like Lefty Shilluk. He didn't look at Bill's wife; he looked at the strip of black velvet on the wall where all the medals were. There were two canaries in a cage by the window. They were chirping and fluttering around and I wanted to throw something at them.

Finally I looked at Bill's wife. She was very quiet and calm, the way some women get. She stared at us for a long time, and then she went over to the strip of velvet and lightly brushed a Croix de Guerre with the tips of her fingers.

"I'm sorry for you," she said slowly. "You two would give anything in the world to get out of here, wouldn't you?"

"No, of course not," the lieutenant lied.

"Yes, you would," she said. She lifted one of the medals and looked at it.

"He got this one from the British. The British didn't give many medals. Bill was proud of that. He was proud of all of them," she went on, "but he would have kept them in a trunk. I'm the one who put them on the wall."

She stopped, and I could hear the creak of the lieutenant's revolver holster as he moved a little. "These medals are old," she added, speaking very quietly, so quietly I could hardly hear her, "but they're striking off a lot of new ones now. There are lots of boys who will stand in line and have the new shiny medals pinned on their chests, just like Bill did."

Some women wander like this when something has happened, talking but not saying anything, and I think it gets you worse than when they cry. But we had to listen. We couldn't just leave.

"I remember when Bill went over," she said. "We got married the night before he sailed. He said, 'Honey, I'll bring you back so many medals to hang on the wall that you won't need any pictures.'" She broke off, and then added almost fiercely, "So I hung them on the wall—and I've been proud of them—prouder than Bill ever was."

It was even worse than I had expected. I wanted a general alarm so I could get out of there. I wanted an earthquake or a fire. To think of all those medals—and then that punk burning Bill down in just an instant, rubbing him out like he had never been. . . .

She said again, "I'm sorry for you. You could have stood it if some big shot had gotten Bill. You could have stood it if it had been a big fight. You're used to having men die. But you can't stand having him shot by some little small-time coward. You think you're lying when you tell me I should be proud—"

Those lousy canaries kept chirping and I knew I couldn't stand it any longer. Maybe the lieutenant could, but I couldn't. I stood up.

"Wait," she told me, and there was something about the way she said it that stopped me. "But you're not lying, even if you think you are. I should be proud, and I am. I'm prouder now than I've ever been. That little crook—any crook—just for being a crook in a country like this during times like these—was a deadlier enemy than anybody Bill fought in France, and Bill got him. I know Bill knew he got him, and I know he knew it was worth dying for. He's known these things for a long time—and that's why he wanted to keep his war medals in the trunk."

She sat down then, and I don't think she noticed it when we left. The lieutenant had given her Bill's shield, and she was pinning it on the velvet beside the medals. It was bigger than any of them.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ILLUSTRATOR H. BISCHOFF

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The Theater in Slacks

A heartfelt lowdown on the summer shows

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

☆ THE summer theaters that dot the countryside far and wide like hot-dog stands (and that often provide considerably less nourishment) will now soon again be going full blast. It may, accordingly, be of some entertainment and instruction to examine them. As one who has expended considerable time and gasoline over the past four years in attendance upon them, I take the liberty of addressing myself to the business.

Let's begin at the beginning. The prevalent idea that all summer theaters are crudely converted barns, cow stables, delicatessen stores, and garages is far from the fact. Some of them are, but there are others beside which such New York theaters as the Belmont, Bijou, and 49th Street, to say nothing surely of the Davenport, Cherry Lane, and Provincetown, are hardly to be called any great shakes. For example, the Ivoryton in Connecticut, the White Plains in New York, the Maplewood and certainly the Paper Mill in New Jersey, the Skowhegan in Maine, and the Dennis in Massachusetts.

Further, the somewhat less prevalent but sufficiently accepted notion that ninety-nine per cent of the young actors visible in the rural playhouses are of the species who elsewhere would have to protect themselves with nets and who can subsist from June to September on the tomatoes, eggs, and kohlrabi thrown at them is no nearer to the fact. While it is true that perhaps fifty per cent of the pasture mimes are nothing to make Guthrie McClintic and Sam Harris jump out of bed at eleven o'clock and frantically beseech their agents to get busy instanter on contracts, there are any number who really aren't so terrible. I have seen not a few who could easily outplay the New York professional companies who have disported themselves in exhibits like Popsy, Boudoir, Brooklyn Biarritz, and, certainly, the Erwin Piscator King Lear. I appreciate that this is not saying much, but it is at least saying something, considering the razzberries usually bestowed on the rusticos.

Further still, while I have seen a great deal of stage direction on the hen-and-rooster circuit that would need a whole warehouse of compasses to set it on its proper course, I have seen some that was quite respectable and as good as a lot I have engaged on the so-called professional stage.

So much for the rosy side. Now for the other.

The first great weakness of the summer theater idea is the summer theater idea. Why it should be, I don't know, but the invitation to go to a theater in summer is akin to an invitation to go to baseball in the winter. It's uncomfortable; it's out of key with the season; it's just a little ridiculous. There is something confounding about going to a theater on a hot July night and looking at actors sweating themselves to death under the stage lights the while they aristocratically conduct themselves through The Second Mrs. Tanqueray or get passionate as all heck in White Cargo. And there is something even more confounding in ambling out of a summer theater between the acts of something like the elegant The Last of Mrs. Cheyney and bumping plumb into a cow.

Getting to one of the summer theaters in the first place is nothing to put you in the properly receptive theatrical state of mind. If you happen to live in the close neighborhood, O. K. But if you don't, K. O. No one even so little as a mile and a quarter removed from the theater ever seems to be able to tell you exactly where the theater is and just how to get to it.

The result is that when and if you finally arrive at it—after touring the countryside for miles around and successively landing at four remote tearooms, half a dozen road diners, three dark farmhouses (with dogs), several

cemeteries, and a woods that looks like a Haitian jungle—you find you have missed the first two acts and might just as well turn right around and go home, that is, if you can find the way back.

Another thing are the homemade soft drinks. Such drinks are generally the only tipples on sale in the temples of warm-weather art, and while they may be thoroughly all to the good in their own way, they are not always exactly the thing to work you up into the proper hilarious mood to appreciate something like Charley's Aunt or You Can't Take It with You. Soft drinks may be all right for the higher drama, but no one ever laughed himself to death when full of strawberry pop or sarsaparilla.

☆ THEN there are the ushers. The ushers in the summer theaters are usually recruited from the prettier young girls in the apprentice groups, and if you think a lot of pretty young girls frisking up and down the aisles, saucily flirting their bustles at you, and whispering audibly to one another that they wish they had a date after the show with some one with more than a quarter in his pocket—if you think suchlike don't take your mind off what is going on on the stage, you are either eighty years old or mistaken.

The physical structure and environs of many of the theaters only add to the difficulty of a correct reaction to their stage exhibits. At the Bucks County Playhouse in Pennsylvania, for instance, the thin walls are penetrated throughout the evening by the racket of a thunderous rushing stream. When, accordingly, you hear one actor say to another, "It is so quiet here you'd think it was the Sahara Desert," and another reply, "You said something there, baby!" you may be forgiven a laugh on which the playwright didn't expect to collect royalties.

Similarly, the theater at Parsippany, New Jersey, being situated close to a large dog kennel, frequently finds its audiences confused as to whether what they are listening to on the stage is Autumn Crocus or Uncle Tom's Cabin.

If a storm breaks while you are seeing a play in one of the city theaters, it doesn't much matter; you can't hear it. But in many of the bucolic theaters you can not only hear it but feel it. The roofs of some of these theaters seem to have been especially constructed for super-realistic productions of plays like Rain, with the audience cast in the role of Jeanne Eagels. What is more, two hours of loud thunderclaps may scarcely be said to be the exactly right accompaniment to a peaceful enjoyment of something like H. V. Esmond's One Summer's Day or anything else of the sort, especially when they are preceded by bolts of lightning that shoot through the theater and momentarily threaten to strike dead every one in the house.

The selection of plays is another point. At least once or twice during the season the operators of the summer houses seemingly think they ought to give their acting youngsters something to get their teeth into, something as a relief from the conventional light dramatic fare. What then happens is enough to stampede the cows for miles around. Suddenly projecting a troupe of kids, who have already had a tough enough time of it trying to get by with Peg o' My Heart, into something like Dostoievski's Crime and Punishment isn't calculated to drive the more critical appraisers of histrionic art crazy with delight. Particularly when the youngsters have had only a week to rehearse the play, when the director—as is frequently the case—knows no more about Russian character than he has gleaned at dinner one night from watching the waiters at the Kretchma Restaurant, and when the leading roles are assigned to a girl and boy whose only dramatic experience antecedent to the present summer was in the third road company of Life with Father, in which one played a maid and the other one of the Day brats.

Nor must we overlook the mosquitoes. By no means must we overlook them mosquitoes. They don't overlook us, so it would be impolite to overlook them. If you think it is easy to acquiesce in the romantic mood of some play like, say, The Animal Kingdom, while a dozen or so mosquitoes are mistaking your neck and ears for a smörgåsbord, you are more of a Casanova than your wife thinks you are.

☆ AUTOMOBILE horns don't help much either. Most of the audience of a summer theater arrives by car, usually from half an hour to an hour late, and apparently is unanimously of the theory that automobile horns provide a wonderful obbligato to the drama. Last year at the Cape Playhouse, in Cape May, New Jersey, I accordingly found an otherwise satisfactory enough performance of Smilin' Through orchestrated by enough horns of every description and variety, embracing sirens, clarinet toots, World's Fair Sidewalks of New York spielers, ordinary honk-honkers, and what not else, to greet a visiting foreign dignitary coming up the bay. In the case of many of the summer theaters, it is just as well to come only to the second act, since you can't hear the first act anyway and since the departures during the third make such a renewed din with their horns that you can't hear that act either.

While, as I have duly allowed, some of the little theaters are as thoroughly comfortable as some of those in New York and other cities, many of them are nevertheless hardly to be compared favorably with the Metropolitan Opera House or a dollar osteopath's waiting room. What I am thinking of particularly are the seats. After some of those seats, riding a bucking bronco is like having sat on a feather bolster.

The aforesaid seats are of a peculiar and stunning diversity, all of them guaranteed to make your hinterparts feel as if they were afflicted with a vicious case of lumbago that had worked itself down. There are hard wooden benches that project sharp splinters into you. There are seats on springs which, while you try to adjust your posteriors to them, crawl slowly up on you and slide you back into the slots in their rear. There are seats with ridges in them that permit you when the evening is over to offer yourself to the circus as a tattooed man. There are other seats obviously upholstered, at an outlay of fourteen cents, with corncobs, and still others made of something that looks and certainly feels like roof tiling. And one and all are calculated to put their depositees in such a frame of mind that Hellzapoppin itself would seem as gloomy as Rosmersholm.

And let's not forget the nails. Last summer alone I ruined ten pairs of pants on those nails. This summer I take me along a hammer.

☆ BUT when the show is over comes the real diphtheria. For some reason I have never been able to make out, it is incumbent upon a summer theater audience at the conclusion of a play to repair en masse to an adjacent dog-wagon, diner, or roadside restaurant, and there to wolf down innumerable wienies or hamburgers, usually to the accompaniment of a juke box blaring out God Bless America or I'll Never Smile Again. Just why the audience should be under any such compulsion, I don't know, but it apparently is. Last year I myself, notoriously a vegetarian, figured out that in the course of my study of the summer drama I had been forced to eat six hundred frankfurters that I didn't want to eat, to say nothing of five hundred and twenty-three hamburgers, two hundred of which had been soused in sour ketchup, one hundred and seven of which consisted of one part meat to nine parts Bermuda onion, and the rest of which were made of something that tasted like a cross between army veal and Shetland wool. The frankfurters weren't so bad—some of them, indeed, were quite tasty—but I nevertheless stoutly maintain that forty-two frankfurters is going just a little too far for any one night.

The discussion of the play of the evening that takes place during the frankfurters, hamburgers, and renditions of God Bless America and I'll Never Smile Again is another matter I'd like to bring to your attention. Nobody ever seems to be other than hysterically enthusiastic about the performance. This may be partly due to the fact that the cast is generally hanging around in the dog-wagon or restaurant and is listening in with all ears. Or it may be due to the effect that frankfurters, hamburgers, and renditions of God Bless America and I'll Never Smile Again exercise on the critical faculties.

There's an idea there for the New York producers.

THE END

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Casanova Fritz

A girl, and Mr. Kuhn—Here's the piquant inside story of a Nazi Führer's downfall

MRS. VIRGINIA COGSWELL

BY

RICHARD ROLLINS

Mr. Rollins was official investigator for the McCormack-Dickstein Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. After it disbanded in 1935, he became chief investigator for a private patriotic group, unnamed but widely and diversely representative, whose committee was the "Board" he mentions in this article.

National Director of the Department of Investigation of Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League; author of I Find Treason (William Morrow & Co.) from which this article is taken.

☆ IT was obvious, late in 1938, that the Nazi subverts were scattering their shots in every possible direction. For me to follow up each shot was impossible. The only chance would be an attempt to nail the man with the gun—paunchy, spectacled Fritz Kuhn, the ex-Ford employee.

I pushed everything aside to concentrate on Bundesführer Kuhn. Night after night I tagged along behind him and Virginia Cogswell, whom he was entertaining frequently at that time, to Leon & Eddie's, to the Crillon Bar, the Waldorf and the Biltmore, the Swing Club.

Where did Fritz get all the money I watched him spend? The Bund and its affiliates were now raking in close to a million dollars a year; but Kuhn —officially—was receiving only a $300 monthly salary.

On August 23 the Dies Committee subpoenaed Mrs. Cogswell. She was asked exactly two questions. How much money had she seen Kuhn spend? She answered with a guess of about $50 a night. Where did he have his clothes made? She didn't know.

Mrs. Cogswell, crowned Miss America in 1924, had come north from Atlanta, Georgia. I assigned two men to watch her twenty-four hours a day. On the afternoon of September 14 I phoned her at her hotel on lower Fifth Avenue. Two hours later she was sitting across from me in my office.

She was a brunette, pleasingly plump and pretty. Basically, she had a patriotic quirk. Two weeks later she went to work for us for fifty dollars a week plus expenses and a promise of recognition by the government.

I instructed her to move to a quieter hotel on West Twenty-third Street, where I rented Room 405 for her. In the telephone box I installed a microphone. Its wires ran parallel with the phone wires. I stretched them under the rug, cut through the doorsill, and led them into Room 406—where I was to live for the next two months.

In my room we placed a recording machine. I hired a recording technician to share the room with me and my relief assistant. When I told Mrs. Cogswell about the microphone, she protested, afraid that Fritz might find it. I finally persuaded her to take the chance.

She had one strange request to make. I was to meet her personal physician, Dr. Francis La Sorsa, and arrange to have him call immediately after each visit from Fritz. Every assignation with the Bundesführer left her what she called a "nervous wreck."

I made arrangements for extended absences from my office. Then Mrs. Cogswell phoned Fritz Kuhn that she was broke because of moving expenses and had barely enough money to last the week. She threatened to sell her diary to the New York Post to raise money. Fritz quickly agreed to visit her that night.

After dinner she was frightened and nervous. I wished her luck, went to my room, clamped the earphones over my head. In a few minutes I heard Kuhn's signal—one knock and then two more. The technician twirled his dials, but Kuhn's low, throaty voice was difficult to register. For a moment we thought we had lost it, but then Mrs. Cogswell's voice came in clear and sharp:

"What's this? Why are you looking under the bed? There's nothing under the rug or behind the curtains."

Kuhn didn't find the microphone. He was apparently overwrought. Almost hysterically he threatened to kill himself if she ever turned against him. Then we heard the crackle of a paper he waved wildly. For our benefit, she read it aloud. It was a telegram, sent anonymously from Washington, warning Fritz that she was about to sell him and the Bund out.

This was getting close. But she convinced him that the unnamed sender must be crazy. Then he told her to be careful about the autographed picture he had given her. I remembered it. It showed him wearing a World War German Army uniform. It was dangerous, he said, because it pictured what he looked like when "I was in this country many years ago."

That was new and important information. According to every record I had, Kuhn had first entered the United States from Mexico in 1927. It now appeared that he might have been here during the war on some special duty. Mrs. Cogswell tried to get more out of him, but he changed the subject to his worries about the F. B. I.'s recent investigation of the spy ring, and the activities of "all the other snoopers like that Rollins swine —I will rub him out, and his bunch of American gangsters!" From me he

went on to Dickstein and Walter Winchell. About the columnist, too, he swore: "If it is the last thing I do, I'll have him rubbed out."

Shortly after midnight he left. A few minutes later Mrs. Cogswell signaled me to come in. She was breathing in short gasps and clutching her heart. I called Dr. La Sorsa. After quieting her with a sleeping powder, he explained to me, downstairs, that she had a fluttery heart and poor nerves.

Fritz's comings and goings were unpredictable. On the night of October 4 he came unexpectedly. I listened to him proposing marriage to Mrs. Cogswell in a peculiarly complex fashion. He wanted her to go to the F. B. I. with the story that she was prepared to tell all about him. Then, when he was brought to trial, he would reveal that she was his wife. A wife could not testify against her husband. (Exactly what he planned to do with Mrs. Elsie Kuhn and their two children, he didn't say.)

He challenged the government or anybody else to identify his spies in the Brooklyn Navy Yard: "My men are everywhere—in the Navy Yard and other places. . . ." Later recordings added the news that he operated two chemical laboratories, one near Newark, the other in Chicago, which were important weapons. He also promised that mysterious fires would destroy major ships in 1939.

☆ THIS ceaseless spying went on for two months. Mrs. Cogswell and I were sitting in her room on one of the nights when Fritz hadn't appeared. It was close to midnight when our conversation was broken by his knocks on the door. She turned white and, frantic, looked at me. I made her keep quiet and stay in her chair. He knocked twice more. Then there was quiet for a minute or so—and finally steps going down the hall, an elevator opening and closing.

Five minutes later the phone rang. I told her to answer. It was Fritz. What had happened to her? She said she'd been in the tub and the bathroom door had been shut. I whispered that she should ask him to come up again. When he did, I was seated in my own room at the microphone.

By the end of November we still hadn't succeeded in discovering where Fritz obtained his money. The recording experiment was an expensive one. Finally I asked Mrs. Cogswell to take a vacation for a little while. After she'd left for Washington, I went in to see William Herlands, New York City's Commissioner of Investigation. He was glad to get my report, but neither we nor the other official bureaus I saw could find a way to pin a charge on Kuhn and make it stick. We needed proof of a criminal action.

I decided to try the records again. I went to Mr. Dickstein. He dug into his own pocket for the necessary funds and by the middle of January, 1939, Mrs. Cogswell was back in New York. This time we rented two rooms at an East Side hotel. The microphone was placed in a small radio set installed in her room.

The results were wonderful sidelights on the character of Hitler's henchman, but they didn't solve the problem of how to give him a one-way ride to Sing Sing. The solution came when, quite by chance, I asked Mrs. Cogswell who had paid Dr. La Sorsa's fees before I took over. At her "Why, Fritz, of course," I visited the physician immediately.

Dr. La Sorsa by this time had a pretty good idea of what I was doing, and he offered to tell me whatever he knew about Kuhn. He said that, as a rule, the Bundesführer paid him in cash. Just once, though, he had written a check.

"Do you remember anything about the check, doctor?"

"Mr. Rollins, I not only remember it—I have a photostat of it. You know, Kuhn likes to brag about his influence and how he never has to worry about paying taxes or anything else. Practically every time I saw him, he told me that he had to account to no one in the United States for anything. One night—I think he was a little drunk—after a long lecture, he pulled out his checkbook and wrote a sixty-dollar check for one of my bills. There was something very funny about that check—it was drawn against the Bund's bank account."

The doctor handed me the photostat and a copy of his bill. Here was the simple solution of the mystery of Fritz's financial resources: he used the Bund treasury. But I needed the answers to two more questions. Did the Bund know about it? How much had he taken?

First I attempted to start a whispering campaign in the Bund itself against its Führer. The disclosures of a few malcontents might add to my facts. It was a good idea but I didn't get very far with it; Kuhn had entrenched himself with his followers too well.

Newspapers and magazines and radio commentators were now using our office as a source of fifth-column material; our exposures at last were making news. But that wasn't enough. I went to the Board with a plea for more dynamic action. The Board could do nothing more than it had been doing. However, in March, 1939, the Anti-Nazi League appointed me its National Director of Investigation. When I moved into my new offices, I was ready once more for Fritz.

☆ NEWS of my new job got out. I hadn't been at my new desk for more than fifteen minutes when I was called on the phone:

"This is Fritz Kuhn. I hear that you are now working for the Anti-Nazi League. I would have paid you twice as much as you could get anywhere else. But I guess it's no use now."

I said, "That's right."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to keep on fighting each other. Good luck!" He hung up.

Actually we had seen each other only once. That had been a couple of years before, when Kuhn had appeared before a New York State military committee and I had been called in to testify against him.

Reinhold Spitz, a part-Jewish refugee, gave us a sworn statement. Spitz had been the owner of a large clothing plant in Munich. He swore that in 1921 Fritz Kuhn, a chemistry student at the University of Munich, was arrested and convicted for stealing overcoats from his classmates, and that when he was released mutual friends of the Spitz and Kuhn families asked Mr. Spitz to help straighten him out with a job. Mr. Spitz hired him as a shipping clerk. Four months later he discovered young Kuhn had stolen 3,000 marks' worth of merchandise.

Mr. Spitz agreed not to go to the police. He also contributed to the fund which took Fritz out of Germany and possible further disgrace. The fund bought Kuhn a ticket to Mexico. He arrived there in 1922, entered America in 1927, and became a citizen in 1934.

The F. B. I. and Immigration authorities began work on the information. Kuhn was worried. I saw Herlands again. He was collecting evidence for Dewey. I gave him all the pertinent material I had gathered. The final and most important document was the photostat of Dr. La Sorsa's check.

☆ HERLANDS asked me about Mrs. Cogswell. I vouched for her wholeheartedly and gave him her Atlanta address. Back in New York, she was placed in the Park Central Hotel under guard to wait to be called as a lead witness. Meanwhile, Dewey subpoenaed records from Kuhn headquarters. Fritz suddenly made an unexpected trip to the Coast. One of my California operatives reported that he had visited Fritz Wiedemann. He returned, then skipped again. Three of Dewey's detectives caught him in a Pennsylvania village.

The New York County Grand Jury had returned an indictment against him and issued a warrant for his arrest. If he should manage to slip out from under a New York State conviction, the federal authorities were waiting for him.

His trial began on November 9, 1939. Twenty days later the jurors found him guilty of grand larceny and forgery.

Herlands and Dewey had done a perfect job of digging up the evidence proving misappropriation of Bund funds by him:

The Bund treasury, unknowingly, had paid out $716 to move Mrs. Florence Camp from California to New York. Fritz had also pocketed $500 of Bund funds, supposedly earmarked for an attorney. To cover up, he falsified entries in the Bund record books.

That total of $1,216 gave him a two- to four-year sentence in a state penitentiary. At this writing Casanova Fritz is serving out his sentence at Dannemora.

THE END

ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN HENRY

footloose!

Sudden happiness, swift surprise! So, on a brilliant novel, the curtain falls

By Grace Perkins

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ IT stunned Lili that she could understand Dr. Alberts. It stupefied her that she could answer him, however soupy her tones. Many people's dying words were on record—but one just didn't answer the telephone, as a rule. . . .

Dr. Alberts was telling her that little Peggy was quite normal. Her crisis had passed, evidently, around the very hour that the Rev. Dr. Amory Fisher was telling Lili she could hardly hope to re-establish herself in her home town. . . .

"She wants very much to see you," Dr. Alberts said in his most antiseptic tone. "It seems greatly on her mind. Will you be kind enough?"

Lili's eyes were benumbed as she tried to figure how to tell Dr. Alberts that she would love to come but that she was dying. Old Sawyer took the phone from her hands.

"She'll be over quick as we can, doc," he said, and hung up. He glanced briefly at Lili.

"I hope it trickled through your so-called brain that that little kid is calling for you," he said slowly. "You ain't going to fail her, are you?"

Without waiting for an answer he left the room.

Lili started to call him, but the purport of his words cut through her consciousness. The child was calling for her. . . .

It wasn't impossible to sit up; dizzying, a little, but not impossible. If she could disgorge all this drug, all this poison . . .

She rang wildly. By the time Old Sawyer appeared she had managed to stand on her feet. Sawyer carried a tray with steaming coffee.

"Sawyer," she whimpered, "what have we got that is an emetic? I need one quick."

Old Sawyer deposited the tray on her bed and shook his head at her owlishly.

"You gol-darned little fool!" he exploded. "Did you go and take them sleeping tablets?"

"The whole bottle," she nodded convulsively. "What will I do?"

"What will you do?" Old Sawyer clucked his tongue. "Sit down and drink some hot coffee. You ain't poisoned and you ain't dying. You ain't taken nothing but flour."

"I've—what?"

"I didn't never give you no sleeping medicine," Old Sawyer mumbled sagely. "I wasn't taking no chances. I know you, Miss Lili, better than I know myself. I just took them capsules apart, emptied them, and filled them up with flour."

Lili caught hold of the bedpost. Her breath came in broken gasps.

"But, Sawyer," she protested, "I was dizzy—black spells. I was . . ."

"You was tired out," Sawyer nodded, "and you've got a swell

imagination. . . . I'll have the car at the door in fifteen minutes."

And he left her.

Cup after cup of the strong hot coffee Lili gulped in those fifteen minutes as she hastily dressed and accommodated herself to her ludicrous status. She was alive. She had never been within a how-do-you-do of death. Even *that* solution she had mismanaged, she had bungled. . . .

The gray eyes that stared at their own reflection in the mirror held a new shame—but this time their chagrin held the promise of self-knowledge. She could stand off and look at her own thoughts with cold derision now; nobody could ever be as scornful of Lili Kettridge as she herself.

She was ready in the fifteen minutes Old Sawyer had allowed her, and she noticed with a grim start that her bedroom clock registered quarter of ten in the morning.

She opened her bedroom door, and remembered with a little shock her mother's presence with a full chorus of nurses. She tiptoed in the hall and, hearing noises, stopped by Gran's door, head tilted to listen.

She heard her mother's voice cooing: "Shelley, Keats, and Byron. Byron, Keats, and Shelley . . ."

It was not an unhappy voice; it wasn't even delirious. Rather, it was the tone of a spoiled child idly playing with colored balloons. Lili shrugged and went down the stairs smiling. She knew instinctively that, however late, Lillian Kettridge had what she wanted. No more for her the struggle to be fashionably popular, to live resplendently on nothing a year and politely struggle for that nothing. Now she could lie abed and let her weary mind wander and be taken care of, watching the door whenever Shelley might open it. Yet Shelley had another family somewhere. Nothing was ever simple. . . .

☆ OLD SAWYER had a portentous air as she climbed into the car beside him. As soon as they started he cleared his throat importantly.

"Got some very bad news for you, Miss Lili," he said. "I hate to tell you about it."

"I'm immune to bad news now, Sawyer," she smiled.

"I took a telegram for you this morning," Old Sawyer announced gravely. "Matter of fact, I took it before you came home from your night out, wherever you were."

He paused, but Lili offered no information.

"I didn't give it to you then, because you looked such a wreck when you came in and I didn't want to upset you no further. But Mrs. Dourbon, she's dead."

"Oh," mourned Lili. And then: "Poor Horry!"

She sat forward and rubbed her head as if to clear it.

"But, Sawyer, how awful! You *should* have told me. Horry hasn't anybody but me, really, and he must think it dreadful that I haven't answered his wire."

"You answered it," Old Sawyer said.

"Now, Sawyer," Lili protested, "*what* did you say to him?"

From his pocket Old Sawyer took a sheet of paper on which he had written his message: "My family joins me in deepest sympathy. Lili."

Lili regarded this in bemused silence. Of course Horace would know she had never written it.

"What did his original wire say?" she asked presently.

"It's on the back of that sheet," Old Sawyer told her.

And Lili read: "Magda left at seven tonight. Horace."

And below, still in Old Sawyer's scrawl, she read: "It's either drink or you. Horry."

"What is that?" she asked as she repeated it out loud.

"A second wire," Old Sawyer told her. "But you know the service here; they both came together. I guess he sent one a few hours after the other. Typical, ain't it?"

"Wouldn't you say he was better than suicide, Sawyer?" Lili asked bleakly.

"I think," said Old Sawyer gravely, "that you would find him filled with flour, too."

And Lili patted his arm.

☆ LILI was efficiently met at the hospital by the head nurse. Dr. Alberts had left word, and with considerable air Lili was conducted up to little Peggy's room. She found the child propped up by pillows, her head bandage now a mere taped patch. Peggy was obviously spent, but her eyes held a peculiarly guilty welcome as Lili appeared at the door.

"Oh," she cried, "I'm so glad you came! I have been waiting."

Lili paused as Peter rose from where he had been slouched in a chair by the window. She avoided his eyes and went straight to the bed.

"I came as quickly as I heard you wanted me," Lili said gently.

"I had such a dream." Little Peggy caught hold of Lili's hand. "That you came to see me when I was sick."

"I did, I did," Lili nodded. She accepted the chair that Peter had brought over for her without looking at him. "I was here last night."

"There was more to the dream than that." The child spoke hurriedly, with great intakings of breath, her words tumbling out. "Because I saw Uncle Peter crying after you left. Only he says that isn't true, and you say you were here and it is true. He was crying after the nurse left, and I heard him say your name."

Lili looked deliberately at Peter's shoes not far away from her. "How," she asked them softly, "would you like to get out of here?"

And from over her head Peter's voice answered, "I wouldn't."

"Why do you make Uncle Peter cry?" Peggy demanded.

"Look here," Lili said severely. "I think most of that was a dream. Uncle Peter didn't cry over anybody but you."

"Are you *sure?*" Peggy insisted, her eyes blinking rapidly. "Because all summer Mrs. Robbins said she wished he didn't have you on his mind."

"Peggy," Peter said sternly, "is this all you have to say to Miss Kettridge?"

"No; Mrs. Robbins always said," the child persisted breathily, "if it wasn't for me you two might—"

"Damn Mrs. Robbins," said Lili shortly. "Is that why you never liked me, Peggy?"

☆ FOR the first time, Peggy's eyes lost an odd craftiness. They filled with baby tears as she shook her head.

"Why didn't you like me?" Lili pleaded softly. "Tell me, Peggy."

"I just"—the kid's face puckered grotesquely—"you're so—pretty, and I could never, never be pretty."

"Now *that*," said Lili, with the cheer of some one who has found distraction, "is the silliest thing I ever heard. Stop crying, Peggy, and listen to me. You *must!* There's nothing quite so easy as to be pretty."

She was rewarded by having Peggy abruptly stop crying and stare at her through tears.

"I was much uglier than you when I was your size." Lili touched the homely little face tenderly. "I was as ugly as a wet rat—honest. There are lots of secrets ladies know about how to be pretty. You wait and see! I'll get a lot of people out here to come and make you pretty: And one of them will give you curls—"

"Curls?" Peggy leaned forward with a broad toothless grin.

"Everything," Lili promised, "if you will just go to sleep now. You're very tired. Lean back, now."

"You'll really do it—make me pretty?" Peggy murmured as she let Lili settle her for slumber.

"Just as soon as you're strong enough," Lili promised. "So you've got to get well fast."

She winked her own eyes free of her sentimental tears as Peggy turned with a happy sigh to sleep.

Lili turned and walked to the door which Peter held open for her.

"Wait, please," he whispered hoarsely, when she started to walk on. He caught her arm, and she stopped and eyed him with cold dignity.

"I can't tell you," he said huskily, "how ashamed I am of last night. I guess I was out of my mind."

"I guess you were," Lili agreed.

"I'll tell you an awful thing," he stumbled on. "Do you know, Lili, one of the chief things I had against you was that that kid didn't like you. I guess I always had that feeling so many people have that there must be something wrong with a person a child doesn't like. And all the time she was thinking of you as a dream princess."

"So what?" Lili asked coldly. "She just liked my looks, and so did you."

He let go of her arm and eyed her, somewhat aggrieved.

"Must you be like that?" he asked.

Her cheeks flamed and her head

went higher. "Must you?" he repeated. And then with firm decision he stepped closer and took hold of her hand. "You heard what she said about my weeping in the dark and calling your name . . ."

Her face was upturned to his, her lips apart. But out of nowhere came a large nurse, who ejaculated with exaggerated fright at seeing them.

"My goodness—pardon me," the nurse beamed, "but the little girl has been ringing insistently."

She crossed, opened Peggy's door.

"Where is Mr. Wareham?" Peggy's voice floated out shrilly to the corridor. "Tell him to bring me my presents!"

"*Oh, heavens!*" Lili murmured. Over her flashed the clear memory of Rex Wareham's analysis of her problems. He had said that marriage to the child's uncle would completely clear her reputation. . . .

"What's the matter?" Peter demanded.

"Were you out of that child's room this morning?"

"Sure. After the change came in her I caught a few hours' sleep."

Automatically Lili pulled her coat close about her and started down the corridor. She heard Peter call her name and walked faster until on the staircase she was running.

☆ IN the corridor below she tried to appear smiling and normal as she hurried out to the car; but her tired, humiliated mind kept hammering: A *set-up!* Mr. Public Relations had gotten in some way to see that child and had coached her.

"Glad to see you smiling," Old Sawyer greeted her. "Everything all right?"

"Everything is fine and dandy," she told him as she climbed in beside him. "And, Sawyer, when you see Mr. Wareham again, would you be so kind as to break his neck for me?"

At the front door of her home, Lili recognized the Rev. Amory Fisher's car. Even as Old Sawyer swung into the driveway the minister left the house, and before Lili could scramble out he had driven away.

Shelley was waiting for his daughter in the hall. His collar was buttoned and he wore a tie, which certainly meant something. His face was shaven, his thick salty hair was glossy with brushing, and his large and beautiful eyes were bright.

"Would you like," he said, with a show of shyness, "to kiss the bridegroom?"

Lili squinted at him, and turned to glance after the minister's car.

"Father!" she stammered. "What have you done?"

"I just married your mother." And he grinned.

"But Minnie—and my—my eight brothers and sisters?"

"It ain't necessarily so." Shelley shook his head beamishly. "I just made them up."

"Then you never married again?"

"Just said I did to get your mother's goat. As for all my large family—well, that got your mother's goat, too. Plus

1. JACK NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's leaving within an hour on a through express run. He's scared to risk taking anything . . . decides he'll put it off till tonight.

2. MACK NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he's making an express run, too; but Mack never puts off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. He knows that sparkling Sal Hepatica works fast.

3. JACK SAYS a grouchy hello when he gets home after one of the toughest trips of his life. Constipation symptoms sure can hinder a man!

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Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

PUT OFF TAKING a needed laxative and you can ruin an entire day.

Take Sal Hepatica at 7 and by 8 you're usually relieved, beginning to feel more like yourself. Sal Hepatica acts gently, thoroughly, by attracting needed water to the intestinal tract without discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica—besides being a speedy, gentle laxative—is decidedly helpful in reducing excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!

Next time you need a laxative, try this speedy, sparkling saline preferred by so many physicians.

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., D. S. T.

which, it made *my* mother dish out more allowance per month."

"You hound!"

"You needn't look so shocked," Shelley protested sensitively. "It just shows what a lonely life I've led, and how little any one was interested enough to check. The only time they took notice of me was when I angered them—by having another child born."

He caught himself in the wallow of self-pity and laughed abruptly.

"Do you remember the hushed uproar when my twins were born?"

☆ WITH a sudden flood of kinship, she flung her arms around his great chest and hugged him, mumbling a little deliriously.

"Come," he said at length, and disengaged her. "What is all this?"

"I'm just saying thanks," she told him, her head back as she laughed up into his large boyish face. "Thanks for letting me believe again. Just—thanks, you see, for loving like that."

She broke away from him and ran up the stairs.

"Lili!" he called sharply.

"I want to see mother—got to!"

"All right—but then come into the writing room. It's very important. I'm taking you in hand and settling your future for you. Not exactly the occupation I'd choose for my wedding day, but it's been thrust on me."

"Oke," she sighed, and went on upstairs.

Lillian Kettridge was propped in bed, swathed in ribbons and laces.

"Look!" she cried to her daughter, and pointed to a ribbon in her hair. "Something blue—and, believe it or not, I didn't have it the first ceremony. And I hope you don't mind—I swiped your little Carnegie number for something new. Isn't it amusing to be married in bed?"

Lili nuzzled her mother's soft neck and fragrant hair.

"Don't," giggled Mrs. Kettridge, and pulled her daughter to the bed beside her. "You shiver me. Besides, darling, we have such serious things to do about you. Horace is downstairs."

"He couldn't—"

"He could. He did. In the damnedest get-up and a big leather suitcase of linens to peddle, and *no* reporters on his heels."

Lili sat back and blew some hair out of her face. Plainly her mother was aquiver with matchmaking fever. Magda was scarcely more than a dozen hours dead, and Horry could check his grief until the funeral while he traveled en masquerade to decent-do. . . .

"And Magda left him everything in her will," Lillian Kettridge was gabbling comfortably, "and Horry thinks if you are just married quietly—Mr. Fisher said he'd be glad to come back this afternoon, and, after all, you have the license—why, you'd fly off to South America in a couple of weeks, and he even wants to sail around the Horn."

Lili stood up.

"No." She shook her head with a determined smile. "I'm not having any. You sold me that song before, mother. It's off key."

"You're still in love with that early primitive?"

Lili nodded. Any answer she might take courage to give was dashed from her thoughts by what her eyes saw far down the road; a familiar figure, hatless, pedaling a bicycle. . . .

"It's your father in you," Mrs. Kettridge was sighing hopelessly. "Me, now, I can love any one who is sweet and merry and challenging. But your father, poor lamb, I'm sure is the man who thought up monogamy."

Yes, he was turning in the driveway . . .

"Besides, you should never marry somebody you have to live up to," her mother warned softly. "Far better a boy like Horry, who isn't so high-minded but that he knows his own weaknesses and yours."

"That's your best advice?" Lili asked suddenly.

"Sincerely."

"Thanks," nodded Lili, and hurried from the room.

☆ SHE found Horace and Shelley in Gran's writing room. The atmosphere was downy with companionship. To one side were seltzer and Irish. Both the grayed and the blond heads were bent over a map which they marked fitfully with pencils.

". . . you two doing the whole East coast first by ship, and we two doing the West by plane, we meet up in Chile, I figure, about spring," Shelley was saying.

"Lili!" Horace looked up with an honest delight that puckered into distress as he studied her. "Gosh, honey, you look positively spectral! Did you really take losing me that hard?"

He smiled as he took her in his arms. There was nothing passionate in his embrace; rather, it was a homecoming, a sort of gathering of her to himself. It distressed Lili that his nearness was pleasurable. Was it that Horry had always been endearing and that they had somehow always understood each other, or was it something of her mother in her?

"Look," she said, and disengaged herself, flushing. "This trip—this marriage—this idea—it's all out."

"That's right, Lili!" Peter's voice in the doorway startled all of them.

"Where did you sprout from?" Shelley focused his large eyes heavily.

"Why, Old Sawyer phoned me that Rumford was here again," Peter told them. "So I hustled over to speak my piece this time, and I'm damned glad Lili's said half of it already."

"Come on in, Higgins, and have a spot," Horry suggested amiably. "Let's talk this over."

"Talk what over?" Shelley demanded impatiently.

"Well, it so happens"—Peter smiled shyly as he strode into the room and took a glass from Horace—"that I'm irretrievably in love with your daughter, Shelley. So much so that I find I can't quit, no matter what she does or how she behaves."

"What do you mean, how she behaves?" Shelley rasped, his face coloring with anger. "Who are you to talk about behavior and morals and such? And where do you get off to aspire to my daughter? I'll break your philandering neck for you, so help me!"

"Father—please!" Lili shrilled.

"You shut up!" Shelley ordered, and pushed past her, his fists doubled. "I'm going to smash his nose."

Horace stepped in front of him, a glass uplifted.

"Have a drink first, Shelley," he said with fine authority. "You Kettridges ought to be able to accomplish something without involving police or physicians. Why don't you tell us first—about Saint Higgins?"

Shelley accepted the glass and stepped back.

"Tell 'em yourself, Higgins," he said quietly. "Or did you think you could romance around with a girl way out of your class and still bluff it that kid is your niece?"

Lili sat down with a suddenness that jarred her. Horry whistled.

And Peter, his eyes on the carpet near Lili's shoes, took the stance that was so characteristic of him—feet apart, hands deep in his pockets. And Shelley, figuring he had the young man taking the count, perched on the writing table and made circles with his glass as if to stir his drink.

☆ "NO," Peter drawled unevenly. "I had no intention of trying to bluff it through entirely. I had no intention of advertising it, either. But I would have told Lili."

"Damned decent," murmured Horry sarcastically.

Peter cast him a glance.

"And now," he said, looking at Lili for the first time, "I'd like to talk to you alone."

"So would I," Horry chirped. "Shall we take turns or draw lots?"

"I'm not interested in either one of you"—Lili stood up—"or what you have to say."

"You're making a great mistake." Horry flashed a surprising air of authority. "And, besides, you're a liar and don't mean what you say. You are interested in *both* of us. And both of us have shown ourselves up as asses of various hues, so you intend to dismiss us in a huff. And go off and grieve. Because you *will* grieve."

NEXT WEEK!

THE U.S.S.R. AND THE WORLD
by George Bernard Shaw

MR. SHAW AND THE U.S.S.R.
by Eugene Lyons

The most famous living author airs his views (they're all his own!) of Stalin and of American hopes of victory for Britain. And an American newsman who spent years in the Red "Utopia" comes right back at him.

OUR FOURTH SEACOAST?
by Walter Karig

What would President Roosevelt's St. Lawrence seaway project mean to defense, and to the future? Who oppose it, and just why? Here are your answers.

Also the beginning of an enthralling new novel—Footsteps Behind Her; radiant, refreshing short stories; a vivid cable dispatch from Robert Low on the fighting at Tobruk—and much, much more!

Lili's head tossed and she pushed by him, but Horace caught hold of her arm. It infuriated her that Peter took a chair, settling himself for patient audience.

"Listen, infant." Horry's voice softened tolerantly. "You've been through a lot and don't know where you stand. You never could think straight, anyway. So take it from Horry—who knows you better than a book—you and I can make a go of it, because I'm the guy that doesn't care what people say or think. We're both wrecks and neither one of us wants to face the world alone. We both know we're second choice with each other—"

"Horry, don't!"

"Well, it's true. But just as Magda was a tramp, this guy here isn't worth putting yourself through hell for. He'd hurt you beyond endurance, just as Magda could hurt me. But I wouldn't —because you wouldn't care as much, and you know anyway I'm just a louse pretending to be a man."

☆ "THAT," said Shelley, with an appreciative toss of his glass, "is what I call love-making. Lili, how can you withstand such allure?"

Lili sat on the arm of a chair, folded her arms, and smiled at her father. There was such an air of good-natured conviviality about him that her eyes found relief in his kindly beaming. It was so right—his way; to take things with a touch of merriment, the salt of sane conduct. Looking into his eyes, she could tune to his own comforting reach for quiet amusement and she found it soothed her tingling nerves.

She turned to Peter, her face uplifted, yet she could look only as high as his tie knot. She couldn't quite face him.

"And now that Horry has had his impassioned say," Lili spoke softly, "tell me about you, Peter—and your —daughter."

"I'm not entirely sure she is my daughter," he said calmly. "If I had been, so help me, I'd have adopted her —she'd have the name Higgins."

"Noble," Shelley told his glass.

"As it was—my sister took the child. The mother deserted it. I have no idea where Peggy's mother is or what became of her. Matter of fact, I only saw her a few times in my life. And I was just out of high school when it all happened."

"Sordid, very." Shelley reached out for a potato chip from a silver bowl.

For the first time Lili looked at Peter, and realized that his sharp blue eyes had forced her to. His eyes held no amusement, but were steady and slightly shamed. She opened her lips softly with the desire to remind him that he had sat in harsh judgment on all her misdemeanors—and thought better of it. She had heard somewhere that reformers were often those who had sinned most consciencelessly.

"At least," he said hesitantly, somewhat shyly, "at least, I never deserted the kid. And whether she is mine or not, I love her very dearly."

Shelley must deliberately be making those unnecessarily crunching sounds with the potato chips: his idea of comic relief.

Peter stood up very suddenly. One swift movement from the chair brought him standing by her side, looking straight down at her.

"Did he say right—Horace—when he said you two would be second choice for each other?" Peter asked carefully. "Because that's what I want to know."

She nodded silently. It seemed strange to her then that none of them spoke. Horace siphoned some water into his highball with a sharp protesting noise. Shelley merely leaned back, bent on massaging his hair absentmindedly. And Peter was fumbling with his vest pocket, and not finding what he wished, he pawed through a number of papers from his inside coat pocket. Presently he held out something to her.

She looked at him, and he smiled. That smile of his was all the love-making she needed. From that day she had met him it had been her lodestone. She could not know that the glance she gave him at that moment was all the answer she need ever give him; yet she was aware of a light of quiet triumph in his eyes.

She took the paper gently and opened it. As it dawned on her what it was, her sight was blurred with tears . . . the purchase of a house by Peter Ridley Higgins, situated on Highland and Tucker Roads, two hundred feet by four hundred . . . the half-finished deserted house where, in the spring, she and Peter had first known the uncompromising possession of love. . . .

Lili gulped.

"May we see?" her father asked plaintively. "I hardly count it fair to get into the written word . . . ."

☆ BUT Lili paid no attention, for her eye had caught the terms; the typed down payment of a thousand dollars—a check from an Arizona bank noted in the margin, and—*what was that?* A payment, six months later, of five hundred dollars. . . . Five hundred dollars marked as having been paid only twenty-four hours previously.

Her throat felt so tight she couldn't swallow. That was the investment Bleakers had referred to, then; and that five hundred dollars had been her own, loaned through the police officer—or Peter might have lost the house altogether. . . .

She looked up at Peter again, closed her eyes with a quick whole-souled nod of her head, and smiled her agreement. Poor big headlong dreamer—without a dollar back of him except what he currently earned, attempting to own a certain house for a certain kind of future. . . .

"I say, can't we look, too?" Shelley repeated with droll pleading.

"Yes. Sure, father." Lili laughed softly and walked over to him. "I want you both to see. It's a deed for my future home."

THE END

Perspiring feet are easy victims to this agonizing skin infection

Excessive foot perspiration encourages Athlete's Foot in two ways. First, it feeds the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot . . . makes them grow twice as fast! Second, it causes the skin to crack between the toes, exposing raw flesh to an attack of this painful infection.

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SOAK these cracks

Don't trifle with Athlete's Foot. Soak the first sign of a crack with Absorbine Jr. *full strength*, night and morning. Do this every day!

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Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

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Sample bottle Free

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

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Name_____

Address_____

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ This letter is not a "beef" and I have no question, but I'd like to try to cheer up some of the draftees and Guardsmen who have the idea they're being overworked. This is the only camp in the United States or its possessions where the soldiers themselves are building their own barracks *et al.* We have been building this camp since our arrival from California over five months ago. Honolulu is sixty miles round trip from here and transportation consists of the rear end of a G. I. truck. To top it off, recreation and wahines are rather scarce for about 75,000 service men on this island.

Sgt., 251st C. A. (A.A.), Camp Malakole, T. H.

Sarge, let me tell you that you don't know how well off you are. You should see just a few of the letters I've had from outfits down Panama way. One today, in fact, from the 82d C. A. (A.A.) happens to contain a correction of your statement. Let me quote a part of it below:

In June, 1940, the Panama Coast Artillery went to its wartime stations and started the largest defense project ever undertaken by soldiers of the United States: the clearing of virgin jungles and the construction of three dozen modern cantonments scattered over 900 square miles of tropical jungles. Each of these little cities has its own electric power, refrigeration, telephone and water systems. In less than six months 300 big buildings were constructed and they are now the homes of the men who built them. It takes real men to be artillerymen in Panama.

Pvt. B. B. F., Rio Hato.

"They oughta pass a law" is a common saying these days. In Wisconsin they have done just that . . . to take care of Wisconsin men in military service who have a yen for further education. Any Wisconsin citizen serving in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps can now take University of Wisconsin correspondence study courses at state expense. The only charge is for the necessary textbooks, and only one course can be taken at a time.

L. W. Bridgman, Madison, Wis.

Good work, Wisconsin! That's the kind of law I like to hear about. Wonder if any other states have done something similar for their boys?

All the boys in our barracks are faithful followers of your column. In a recent newspaper article by ——— ———, which was widely syndicated, she said not to send cigarettes and writing paper as presents because the boys got cigarettes tax-free and were given their stationery. We wish you would straighten out both the lady and the public on this matter.

E. J. T., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Some one must have been wishful-thinking when he gave the lady *that* information and I'm glad to make the correction. Cigarettes sold at the post exchanges are *not* tax-free, nor does the Army give away stationery for social correspondence.

I have had about seven years of military training and hold a recommendation for a commission as second lieutenant in the Reserve. While I was out of the service I was convicted of a felony, put on probation for one to three years, and after one year I was discharged and received a complete pardon from the governor of the state. I'm thirty-two years old, like the Army, and wonder if I could enlist in the Regular Army and be accepted.

F. M. M., Milwaukee, Wis.

Until April 16 of this year you would have been out of luck. On that day the War Department smashed a century-old tradition by the announcement that a man previously convicted of a single felony would be accepted by the Army, provided it is not listed as "heinous" or he is not on probation, on parole, or under suspended sentence.

Will a medal, similar to the Victory Medal of the last war, be given to selectees when we complete our year of service? I'd like to have something of that sort as a permanent reminder.

B. G. C., Fort Thomas, Ky.

Aren't you a little previous? I've heard of no plans for a medal, but the Selective Service Act says: "Any person inducted into the land or naval forces under this Act for training and service, who, in the judgment of those in authority over him, satisfactorily completes his period of training and service . . . shall be entitled to a certificate to that effect upon the completion of such period of training and service, which shall include a record of any special proficiency or merit attained."

I'm not subject to the draft (yet) but I'm thinking of enlisting. There is no recruiting station near my home and I'd appreciate it if you could give me some idea of the basic requirements for a recruit, physical and otherwise.

C. H. O., R. F. D., Ohio.

Glad to oblige, but I can give only the most important in this limited space. Age: 18 to 35 (for original enlistment); unmarried; physical: at least 5 feet in height and 105 pounds in weight; in good health and able to perform the duties of a soldier; of good moral character; able to pass the intelligence and literacy tests as prescribed for the Regular Army; and a United States citizen.

"The big one is for carrying packages."

I'm a little draftee a long way from home and I would very much like to know how a soldier can be expected to stand at attention on an anthill? Your ant-bitten friend,

Pvt. S. L. W., Fort Bliss, Tex.

Thanks for the laugh, soldier, and I hope the ants didn't creep up on you.

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ A WOMAN'S FACE

☆ YOUR Beverly Hills admires the courage of Joan Crawford more than that of any feminine star of the films. The gal has resolution, determination, and resourcefulness. Here she takes her celluloid career in one hand and her make-up kit in the other and plays a female blackmailer whose character has been warped by a horrible facial scar. Glance at her from the left side and she's beautiful. Glance at her from the right and you get the shock of your life.

Anna Holm (that's Joan) falls in with a dangerous misanthrope who is plotting to do away with the little boy who stands in his way of inheriting the vast Swedish estate of his wealthy uncle. When Anna and Torsten Barring aren't playing lovely melodies on Torsten's piano they are brooding over murder. Then a handsome plastic surgeon comes into Anna's life and makes her as facially perfect as she should have been. But the scar is still on her heart.

What will the remade Anna do when she takes the job of governess to the doomed little boy? I shan't tell you. The film does, in arty, morbid fashion, from various viewpoints, as the characters tell their stories to the judges afterward. This originally was a Swedish film starring Ingrid Bergman. La Crawford saw it, persuaded the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to buy it—and there you have her. It's courageous, but it is also cold, a little on the dull side, and it goes heavily melodramatic for a finale.

The Crawford scar is something to haunt you. It's the ★★★ creation of Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up chief. Melvyn Douglas is the plastic surgeon; Conrad Veidt is Torsten.

If you like pathological evenings in the theater, this is your meaty dish.

★ ★ ★ ONE NIGHT IN LISBON

☆ IF an amusing comedy can emerge from a blitzkrieg, here it is. A Texas ex-cowboy who has been ferrying bombers across the Atlantic to the R. A. F. dives into an underground shelter when the air sirens shriek over blacked-out London. Just one other person—a lovely blonde English girl—is the occupant of the air-raid tunnel. From that moment on it's a chase, for the cold and charming Briton is a volunteer chauffeur for a Cabinet minister. She's sent to Lisbon as a decoy with certain papers wanted by the Nazis, the German secret agents steal her—with the Yankee flyer in hot pursuit.

Madeleine Carroll is the heroine of this Paramount effort to smile at the war, Fred MacMurray is the American sky rider, John Loder is the stalwart British naval officer who cares—but loses. Edward Griffith's direction has zest and humor.

★ ★ ★ THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT

☆ OBVIOUSLY a film yarn manufactured by the Warners to display Humphrey Bogart as another Hard Guy. Here he's the tough boss of Nick Coster's Original Coney Island Carnival, a small traveling tent show. On the old Coster farm, in seclusion, Nick keeps his pretty young sister, fresh from a convent. She's the one soft spot in his calloused heart. Then a lion escapes from the drunken trainer of his wild-animal act—and a country grocery boy, to save a baby, cows the animal into submission. So Nick hires the yokel—and soon makes him boss of the lion side show. Later, when the lad meets and falls in love with the kid sister, Nick calmly plots to have him eliminated by feeding him as an afternoon snack to a crazed lion. What happens then? You'll have to see the film. It has a lot of contrived thrills, but it is exciting in spots.

All this is tailored to the Bogart measure. Eddie Albert is the yokel-into-lion-tamer, Sylvia Sidney the carnival fortuneteller, sixteen-year-old Joan Leslie the pretty little sister.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape.

★★★ ½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter.

★★★—The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

CAPTAIN PAUL, by Commander Edward Ellsberg.

The author, remembered for his hit submarine salvage book, On the Bottom, has incorporated his hobby study into an action novel about the exploits of John Paul Jones. It is featured, naturally, by vivid and technically accurate depiction of his daring naval engagements. Obviously a man's book, but the girls who enjoyed Captain Hornblower shouldn't duck it.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!

His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

★ ★ ★ ★

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

★ ★ ★ ★

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

★ ★ ★ ★

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless mangetters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

★ ★ ★ ★

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another big hit from

Leo The Kid

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

TAKE HEED!
bleeding gums may mean GINGIVITIS

4 OUT OF 5 May Get It. Often Leads To Pyorrhea

Examine your gums closely! Are they tender to touch? Do they bleed when you brush your teeth? Then get busy. Any one of these signs may mean Gingivitis has started its "silent work" on YOU.

If not taken care of—this mild gum inflammation may lead to Pyorrhea—to shrinking gums and loosened teeth which only your dentist can help. See your dentist. And at home here's—

One Very Best Way to Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This effective 2-Way Forhan Method:

1. Helps gums be firmer—thus more able to ward off infection.
2. Brightens dull teeth to their natural sparkling lustre.
3. Helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. So why not enjoy its advantages? All drug and department stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

WHY LINDBERGH ACTS THAT WAY

Continued from Page 19

Father Lindbergh. "He doesn't allow me to forget that."

He has never allowed any one to forget him or any circumstance connected with himself which would help him or the cause in which he was at the moment interested.

When he was a stunt flyer there were no stuntier. If spectators called him "the Flying Fool," and if that added to his reputation as a daring airman, he gave them more and more reason for their awed admiration. If continuing his stunting while carrying the mail made him the best known flyer on the St. Louis-Chicago flight, he didn't mind that either, even if it did make his fellow workers at the airport shout in self-protection: "Bellies to the ground! Here comes Slim!"

If his practical jokes on other aviators made him less popular among his mates, he "was never discouraged." He knew what he was doing. His spectacular capers attracted the attention of the crowd and finally the money of the eight gentlemen of St. Louis who financed the publicity stunt of sending the Spirit of St. Louis across the ocean.

First of all, then, we must remember that he is a salesman—and a good one. From adolescence on, he has been selling Lindbergh to the world. When he needed to hire a press agent to help him, he hired one; just as now, when he needs a hall to help him sell his ideas, he hires one or allows some one else to do it for him.

There is nothing in the last part of that last statement which reflects on Lindbergh's conduct of his business. We Americans admire thrift and ingenuity in acting upon it. The Lindberghs were not rich, and the young man naturally had to get others to "put up" for him as he went along. He couldn't have built the Spirit of St. Louis himself. He was fortunate in finding eight men who could see the value of a transoceanic flight—or even an attempt at one—by an airship bearing that name.

He was fortunate also in discovering that a man in New York, interested not only in flying but in cementing friendly relations with France, was willing to put up a prize for such a flight. The fact that this man was himself a Franco-American and ran two excellent Franco-American hotels in New York City, and stood to profit largely from the ensuing publicity, made him a no less worth-while instrument in the hands of a bright young go-getter.

His acquisition of a plane which was built as a publicity stunt for a community with which he had only a strictly commercial connection, and his capture of a $25,000 prize offered presumably as a publicity stunt, simply prove Charles Lindbergh a shrewd American business man.

The word "fortunate" brings to mind the fact that Lindbergh was once widely known as "Lucky Lindy." Fortunate he has certainly been, in the sense of having had a flair for the right moment and the right method for advancing his career; but lucky, in the sense of being "shot with luck" regardless of wisdom and forethought on his part, he has never been.

Much has been made of his having arrived in Paris on his famous flight with sandwiches and letters of introduction in his pockets as indicating a certain carefree attitude about the whole thing. Personally I wasn't able to see it that way at the time; have found nothing in his subsequent record to substantiate any such view.

Of course he carried sandwiches. He was bound to be hungry anyhow, even if he hadn't happened to be a young man with a prodigious appetite—one of the few really folksy things that almost everybody learned about him in his Lindy days. A young man with a healthy appetite *would* have been a flying fool if he had started out across the Atlantic without sandwiches. The fact that he was not foolhardy enough to eat them all before he landed is obviously just one more instance of the careful planning and calculation on which his success has so largely depended—a fact to which his wife has paid tribute in her first two books, and which speaks for itself in the introduction he wrote for Listen! the Wind, and in the appendix he compiled.

It was a bit naïve, perhaps, to carry letters of introduction with him; but Charles Lindbergh in 1927 was only twenty-five and had never been, so far as is known—excepting the brief period following his birth—east of the Chicago River. He was not afraid of flying the Atlantic because he knew how to fly. He was, perhaps, afraid of finding his way around Europe among a lot of foreigners whom he did not understand—and whom, many think, he still does not.

☆ ANYHOW, he didn't wish to be caught short! And—so far as shrewdness, preparation, and salesmanship could protect him—he has not been caught short since.

"Lindbergh, of course, was America's first real hero of the Air Age. . . . He did a beautiful, poetic, impossible thing; and it was natural that we thrilled when we saw him come up Broadway amid the confetti. . . . (But) Lindbergh became Lindy because he planned everything out. He knew what he was doing and why he was doing it. And when I listened to him last night"—this not unfriendly comment was made only a few weeks ago out of a full and, I believe, sorrowing heart by one of the three men who perhaps know him best—"I was sure he hadn't changed. He has figured everything out. He knows where the America First movement is going to take him."

Which is a matter of opinion—although, in this instance, an especially well backgrounded opinion—but we do not need to subscribe to its impli-

cation in order to recognize in Charles Lindbergh's career, long before the present controversial emergency, much that indicates that he makes few moves which are not carefully and competently calculated.

Take the matter of his personal fortune, which is considerable. He did not obtain that by chance.

No one admires Lindbergh more than the present writer for having been unwilling to make a movie or go on the vaudeville stage. But to say that he did not commercialize his flight to Paris is to utter an arrant untruth. There was nothing wrong about his "cashing in" on the job he had so thoroughly prepared and so courageously done. He had as much right to accept huge sums, for instance, from airplane companies—the market price of whose stock his exploits had so greatly helped to boom—as he did to accept an airplane for his trip from those St. Louis boosters or a $25,000 prize from that hotel man.

These facts about him we should know. But we should not hold them against him. They do not reflect on his integrity. Their pertinency to our inquiry is confined strictly to the light which they shed on his shrewd business mentality and on the fact that his use of it has brought him up to the present crisis—the crisis on which he is now advising us—a very rich man with a very rich man's interests and, presumably, a very rich man's attitude toward life.

☆ BEFORE leaving New York for his flight to Paris he negotiated a contract with the New York Times for the publication of his own account of it. The other newspapers, occupied with Richard Evelyn Byrd, ignored the young man from St. Louis; but the Times put a small bet on Lindbergh. And when the copy began to come through, the newspaper stood to profit by it greatly, because its contract with the flyer gave it the right, without further payments to him, to syndicate the story in every paper in the United States.

Well, the Times did syndicate the story to a reputed profit of some $250,000, and in one of the most generous gestures in the history of newspaperdom it presented the entire sum to Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

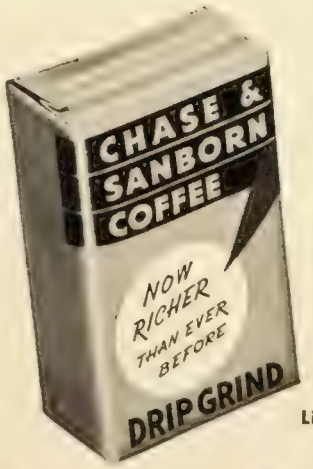
After the newspaper profit came the book, We, hastily written, long a best seller. Then came the Guggenheim Foundation and its "good-will tours." Then came the airplane companies, the details of whose munificences we have in Lindbergh's own words and in the records of a Senate Investigating Committee. Then came . . .

When we examine the figures, we shall see that there was practically no end to how the riches rolled in!

What are these figures? What do they amount to in their conceivable bearing upon Lindbergh's disposition and his present views? What other facts of record may help you toward understanding him? Read Mr. Collins in Liberty next week.

Coffee Enchantment

TO MAKE YOUR FLAVOR DREAMS COME TRUE WE PAY A PREMIUM FOR RARER, RICHER, MELLOWER BEANS



Lift your cup of Chase & Sanborn. Its aroma floats on the air—intriguing, intoxicating, foretelling flavor. Sip its flavor—deep, rich, pungent, wholly satisfying. Smooth yet enchanting. At once exhilarating and restful. We offer it as an inspiration to wit and charm . . . a silent pledge to friendship . . . a kindler of kindness and happiness—the New Blend CHASE & SANBORN.

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REWARD

for apprehending office Time Thief!

Inferior pencils steal time!

Around an office they're Public Enemy No. 1 — time-stealers because they're time-wasters!

Ticonderogas save time!

Change to smooth-writing Ticonderoga pencils and you stop this theft instantly! Your reward is the dollar-and-cents value of literally extra hours added to the office week.

Easier, more productive work!

You save **50%** of your writing energy by switching to easy-writing Ticonderogas. This means far greater writing efficiency, far fewer mistakes due to fatigue.

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An extraordinary 5¢ pencil. Get quantity quotations from your stationer or stationery dealer.

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THIS MEANS "I BELIEVE"

Wear the Emblem of Liberty to help promote the principles of Liberty.

Sponsored by, without profit to, Liberty magazine. 14 kt. lifetime gold plate; button or pin back for men and women. Send 25¢ to Dept. B, Liberty Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Send for your emblem today.

Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

THIS issue of Liberty brings the ninth week of the History of Our Flag Quiz. If you have been following it each week, we know how fascinated you have become with the history back of our great emblem of freedom and how much it has supplemented your early knowledge of history.

There are four more weeks of this contest, and if you have not yet entered or have missed any week's quiz, you still have time to bring your entry up to date. But do not delay. Every day counts with you from now on, for even if some of the questions at first glance seem simple, allow yourself plenty of time for proper and leisurely consideration to every answer. For it will be the undeniable right answers that will win that prize money—$500, $250, $100, and $50—all goodly sums that everybody knows how hard it is to accumulate. Put your supreme effort in this contest.

Read all the Rules carefully and comply with them.

They are simple but necessary.

If you need previous sets of any Quizzes, see the late-entry provision elsewhere on this page. If you haven't a copy of the beautiful flag chart described in the adjacent box, we don't hesitate to tell you that it will help immeasurably in cutting down on the research you may find necessary.

But get started today!

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who have not yet entered this competition but who would like to do so, we have prepared a supply of reprints of the foregoing sets of quiz questions to bring them up to date with the balance of the field. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 8, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. In the meantime watch for the next set of quiz questions in next week's issue of Liberty. There will be thirteen sets of quiz questions in all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 9

Her canton was gainer by five gleaming stars,
Her flag was the loser by two noble bars,
And stars are newborn on Fourth of July,
To blaze in new glory that none shall defy,
So hail ye the banner awave o'er the free,
The symbol of progress and man's unity.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. What states do the "five gleaming stars" in the above stanza represent?
3. Who designated what particular flag as "Old Glory" and where may that same flag be seen today?
4. By which President and in what manner was June 14 definitely established as Flag Day?
5. How many stars appeared upon our flag at the end of the Mexican War?

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

edy could have happened to the poised, relaxed, seemingly effortless young person who stands these Wednesday evenings close to the mike in NBC's New York studios and sings so naturally and so softly to her unseen audience that her studio audience can hardly tell that she is singing at all!

Senior year at Vanderbilt and another winter's experience at WSM prevented a repetition of her first sad metropolitan experience upon her return to New York the following year, 1938. Dinah went all over in a valiant effort to land a paying job. But, come New Year's Eve, she was down to the point where she had to borrow a nickel from a friendly elevator boy to call up Nashville, long-distance charges reversed, to get staked for one last try.

Reinforced, she sallied forth again.

Martin Block, who is said to make $50,000 a year out of putting on phonograph records and plugging commercials, gave her a chance to sing on his program—for nothing. That wasn't so hot. But fortunately the right man heard her—a magazine writer, I am proud to say!—and he recommended her to the NBC high-ups.

Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, was her first paying employer on the big time. Then came Lower Basin Street. And almost before Dinah knew what was happening to her, Cantor the Great was getting himself photographed with her and making the same big eyes he used to make at Deanna Durbin.

"Not since the time I was graduated and received three proposals of marriage within three days," says Dinah, "have I had so exciting a week as the second one in September of last year. So many things happened, I was positively dizzy. I was signed to make two guest appearances—one on the Schaefer Review and the other on Raymond Paige's Musical Americana. I opened at the Paramount Theater and saw my name up in lights—on Broadway, mind you! I was signed to a long-term contract to record for the Bluebird label. And, finally, my Eddie Cantor contract came through—all in one week."

☆ AND where is Dinah now? In a Park Avenue penthouse? A suite at Pierre's?

I should say not!

If, when you read this, it does not happen to be a Wednesday night at nine (E. S. T.), it's a sure bet that she's out at Sister Bessie's in Jackson Heights, where Bessie and her medical-student husband and their two children and Dinah and a Negro maid live and have their down-to-earth, mid-Tennessee being in a modest suburban New York flat.

Dinah is greatly impressed by Bessie's family life.

"First," she says, "they've got a sense of values; and, second, they've got unselfishness. He likes symphony music, so sister *learns* to like it."

Afraid she would never measure up to that sacrificial standard, Dinah plans to eschew romance. On her Jackson Heights dresser, however, she has, or did have, the tenderly autographed photograph of a nice-looking boy named Alan Grieve. He's a trumpeter, and they met over a couple of soft drinks at a Radio City soda counter. Then, too, when the Cantor show went to Hollywood this winter, Dinah and Gail Patrick's kid brother were reportedly what the gossip columnists would call an item.

At the moment, however, Miss Shore seems to be set on devoting herself to the great god Work. She still likes baseball and football games, but she gets to see few of them, and has no time at all for dates with baseball or football players.

As for the movies—and how could a girl who looks like Dinah fail to think about them!—Eddie Cantor, who is planning to do Al Jolson's Broadway show, Hold On to Your Hats, as a Hollywood musical, says he's going to use Dinah and her rocking-chair voice in a great big way. But you never can tell about Hollywood. The powers that still be may cast her in a Helen Craig Johnny Belinda part, where she can't open her mouth at all, or make her pinch-hit for May Robson or Mme. Ouspenskaya as "second old woman" in a Nazi horror flimsy.

But Dinah isn't worrying.

"I won't be disappointed," she says. "I still have a lot of illusions about the movies. If I ever got into one, even a small part, I'd never be able to enjoy them again."

There remains but one major fact to record about the private life of this singing Southerner, and that is in the nature of a confession. Dinah's name really isn't Dinah at all. She got hold of a recording of the song Dinah by Ethel Waters and began singing it the way Waters sang it.

"I kept singing it so much," she says, "that people began to call me the Dinah Girl, and then Dinah Shore. Now it's my legal name. I had a lawyer back in Tennessee fix it up."

That's Miss Shore's official story, and she has every right to stick to it, because, so far as the Dinah part goes, it is the absolute truth. But if Dinah hadn't shown up at just the right time, she would probably have changed her name anyway. For she was fed up no end with the name her parents had wished on her—Fanny Rose Shore.

"It was such a punny name," she explains. "The boys at school would write on the blackboard, 'Fanny sat on a tack. Did Fanny rise? Shore, Fanny Rose. Shore!'"

But what's in a name, Miss Shore? Dinah rose, too. She couldn't miss. She had *schmalz*.

THE END

FOR THE FATHERS OF OUR COUNTRY on June 15th.

EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL ★

Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in Mug, After-shave Lotion and Talcum . . $2.75

Brushless Shaving Cream in Tube . . 50¢
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Mark this historic day in Father's year with gifts of special significance—Old Spice Toiletries—outstanding in quality, American in tradition. The pottery containers and the wood-veneered chests, decorated with historic trading ships, add to the gift appeal of these fine products. Available individually, or in combination sets from $1.75 to $5.00.

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Shave Soap in Pottery Mug . . $1

After-shave Lotion, 8 oz. $1.75, 4 oz. $1

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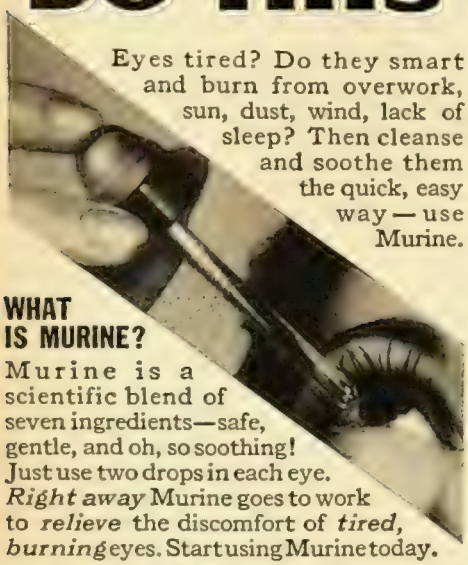
When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

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Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

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Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener. Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

ITCHING FEET and TOES

Don't wait! At first sign of Athlete's Foot, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal broken skin between the toes. Liquid or Ointment. Only 50¢.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

THE HOUSE ON HARMONY STREET

Continued from Page 30

of Melanie and asked forgiveness. Next week perhaps, he and Melanie would be far away from this house of the Furies.

Fräulein Doktor roused herself. "We must work," she said.

"Can't you think of anything but work—for five minutes?" His voice was hurt, disappointed.

She put her lips against his. If he had been Paul Sturm, perhaps he would never again have considered the gentle daughter of D'Hasque. But Peter Stanleigh knew the difference between lightning and love. And Fräulein Doktor, her ego satisfied in the belief that he would be all the more eager to bow to her will and work well with the promise of their vacation in France to anticipate, sat up straight and smiled at him as she arranged her hair.

"Eire will not be easy," said Peter a moment later. "There are too many of them who would resent this influence, if they knew of it."

"I have heard they are stubborn," she said. "They will probably fight."

"They will. You can be sure of it —and so will England."

"But we are ready," said Fräulein implacably.

The buzzer rang abruptly, sharply. She crossed the room and touched the button that opened the doors.

It was Schmidt. "We have made an arrest of importance," he said as he entered and did not wait for Fräulein Doktor to speak. "Bring in the prisoner!" he called with authority to others beyond the door.

Three of the police brought in a man. They nearly threw him into the room. He would have fallen if one had not had hold of him. It was Anton D'Hasque. His eyes met Peter's and there was not the slightest hint of recognition. It had been agreed between them that if they were ever to meet in such a situation, they would show no sign of acquaintance, would deny each other if necessary. Neither would give the other the contagion of suspicion. But now, in the test, it was not easy to look at the man who had become a friend and do nothing to help him.

☆ A BLOND boy followed the police and D'Hasque into the room.

"Who is he?" Fräulein asked Schmidt, who was enjoying his moment.

But before he could answer the boy spoke. "*Heil Hitler!*" he shouted, and then, "Berten Comein, Rexist!"

"Belgian?" she asked.

The boy nodded.

"You have done well," she said, but there was contempt in her eyes.

"A friend of Mynheer Callowaert," he answered proudly. "I pretended to wish to enlist as a Belgian soldier for England. I found D'Hasque's agency."

"So," she turned on Schmidt, "it is Callowaert's work—not yours. You came in strutting so!"

"We have worked together," said Schmidt pompously, "as is the custom," he added meaningly.

D'Hasque stood with eyes down, fumbling nervously with his cuff while this was going on. Because he was quiet, the police had loosed their hold on him. They were focused on the famous Fräulein whom they had not met at such close range before. A woman who laid out Schmidt! their eyes seemed to comment. Peter studied D'Hasque. His meekness was out of character.

Suddenly D'Hasque flung off the loosened hold of the police. "You can't keep me here!" he shouted. "I'm a free Belgian—not a renegade coward like that young bootlicker!" He struck out as the police grabbed him and they struggled. The left cuff button, which he had loosened in his meek moment, flew out of the cuff toward Peter and at that D'Hasque increased his physical fury.

☆ PETER stepped forward, his foot lightly over the button. No one noticed it, for the fight was going on in the space between him and Schmidt and Fräulein, and the police were too busy. He picked up the cuff link and, swiftly and secretly in his coat pocket, his thumbnail popped open the locket and scooped out the small paper. Only once D'Hasque glanced in his direction, then kept up his battle till Peter stood tossing the cuff button idly as he looked with interest at the fight. He failed to catch the button. It rolled on the carpet and he crushed it under his heel. The locket was jammed beyond opening again.

One of the police had raised his club ready to hit D'Hasque when he could do it without slogging either of the two who were trying to hold him.

Then suddenly D'Hasque quieted down without that. They held him with his arms behind him and a gun at his back. But the invective he poured forth at young Berten Comein did not stop, even though he gasped for breath after the fight.

"Traitor! Imbecile! Quisling! You shame the good patriot Flemings who bore you!" Round Flemish epithets mixed with sizzling French.

"Let him explode!" Fräulein Doktor ordered, and there was a calculating shrewdness as she added, almost with admiration, "He is capable!" and a moment later, to Schmidt's protestation, "He will answer us better when the steam is out of him."

D'Hasque became suddenly quiet as he heard her between his oaths. His eyes fastened on her. "I will answer you now," he bit off the words and his voice had the concentration of all the fury that a moment before had been loosed. "You want to know if I ran a recruiting bureau. You have proof and I don't deny it. I have run one in this time, as my father did in the last occupation of Belgium. And Bel-

gium went free. And it will again go free. I am not one person; I am many!"

Fräulein Doktor smiled. "So you are many? That is what we want to know. Who are the others?"

"All the little people of the world." D'Hasque's voice was deep. "The men I sent through to England to fight, the men and the women in Antwerp who will take my place now."

"Who are they? You will be made to tell us." A dangerous light flashed behind the always dangerous eyes of Fräulein Doktor, but her voice was silky. "Who are they?"

Peter saw that D'Hasque had each time led her on with a last phrase so that she would make him speak more. Bully old fellow! Now he answered her again.

"They are the men and women who wore the Jewish arm bands when you hunted for Jews—all of Antwerp but for the few lice like that ninny your agents duped." His thumb turned toward Comein but his eyes stayed on Fräulein Doktor. "Do you want names?" he demanded.

Fräulein studied him. "Are you so willing to give their names?"

"Yes," said D'Hasque, "I am willing to give their names, and you cannot stop them, even so."

"Then—" she waited impatiently. "Go on!"

"Their names are Brabo," said D'Hasque.

"And—?"

"All Brabo," he said.

Schmidt broke in: "The man is a fool."

"Wait," said Fräulein. Her eyes narrowed at D'Hasque. "Yes?"

★ "ANTWERP is the place of the 'hand-throwing'—the *Hand Werp,*" he added in old Teuton, and his voice struck a note that was deep and strong as steel. It was a voice that came from something deeper than one man, and he spoke quickly, "In the old days a giant robber took our land—our trade—and he cut off the right hands of those who would not pay toll. Then Silvius Brabo, an ordinary man, killed the giant robber, cut off *his* hand, and threw it into the Scheldt, and this town was built, the town of the *Hand-werpen*—hand-throwing—and in Flemish it became *Aen't Werpen.* More than twenty years ago Brabo came back and delivered us. And now he comes back again, Brabo, the ordinary man—the *little* people." His voice held contempt, "You cannot kill us—we are too many."

Fräulein Doktor had been growing more and more taut. Now, like a flash, her gun came above her desk and the right hand of D'Hasque was shattered.

He looked at it and at her. "You are history repeating itself," he said. "Now Brabo will return." His knees swayed but he stayed upright.

"Take him out," said Fräulein Doktor, "and make him talk sense."

Stanleigh's eyes followed D'Hasque as he was half led from the room. He felt numb and miserable.

Let's send for that chart and figure our own car financing!"

FOR most families, buying a new car calls for quite a bit of careful consideration before the deal is closed. And that same consideration should extend as well to your choice of a time payment plan. It's really sensible to figure your own financing in advance...to see exactly what you get for what you pay...to see just where and how you can save!

Send today for the GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the facts on car financing, in dollars and cents. In a few minutes, you can figure the "deal" that best suits you—based on the number of months you want and the amount you wish to pay each month.

Then you can *compare* different finance plans to see which offers you the most for your money. You'll see that the low-cost General Motors Instalment Plan includes broad insurance protection for your car.

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Name

Address

City State U.S.A.

County

Send for this Figuring Chart

Schmidt turned to Fräulein. "So—let him talk—yes? We will learn—yes!" He mocked. "Well, I brought him to you!"

Her anger was high. Peter waited for her to speak. He saw a strange elation rising within her, as it had after that other shot. "We will finish him—and his many," she said. She turned to Schmidt, "Go—make him talk. You know how, old man." And suddenly to Peter, who had started out, "Do not go yet. We still have work to do."

They worked into the night and she was like a woman driven by frenzy. There was no stopping. There was no mercy. That night plans were made and orders sent for the most terrific offensive a spy brigade had ever made. And Peter, coding the messages, taxed his own capacity to remember them. They must reach Dupon by morning so that Britain should know. Poor Melanie—it was too terrible. He dared not think of her.

THE night had turned gray when he was ready to leave Fräulein Doktor. She touched him caressingly. "In a week," she murmured, "we can go where we will—and rest."

It had been hard before. Now it was all he could do to answer her, but it had to be done. "That will be good," he said, and added, "You know—I've an idea or two. Do you suppose I could question that fellow they brought in tonight—the battling Belgian?"

"Tomorrow perhaps," she answered; and then, "After such a busy night, will you sleep now?"

He rubbed his head. "Not unless I get some air. I feel as though I'd been submerged somewhere deep and different for hours. Will *you* sleep?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I sleep best after a night like this."

His thought was: How can you? He said gently, "Then sleep well."

"If you go to walk at this time of night," she reminded him, "the guards may take you up." She turned to her desk and wrote on a pass blank. "Here" she said, "if any one stops you, give him this."

Peter took it. "You *do* understand," he said.

"I understand," she answered. "Better go this way."

He looked about to see what she meant. She opened a door that fitted so perfectly into the old Flemish oak wall that he had never known it was there. It led to the street. "Show the pass also to Otto when you come back," she told him.

Peter Stanleigh stepped out into that moment between night and morning which belongs to neither and so is the lowest hour for man. In case she could watch him, he strode off down Van Schoonbecke Street. But as soon as he could, he turned and streaked it for Emil Dupon's. He was stopped twice, but the pass—to his amazement—worked.

He tried to rouse the Dupons with little noise. He did not want to agitate the whole Place de l'Aurore.

At last Dupon looked out of the upper window and, seeing Peter, hurried downstairs, followed by Elise who, without a word, bustled off to the kitchen to make coffee—mostly chicory but hot and with a coffee taste to it.

"Give me paper to write a message Elise can send," said Peter without explanation, wanting to write what his mind held before fatigue blurred it. He wrote the moves that would be sent from the wireless room of the House in an hour or so. Then he unfolded the small paper D'Hasque had delivered with the flying cuff button even as he was held in the House.

From his jacket pocket he took his flashlight and the small glass filter that let through only infra-red rays. "Turn out the light," he said. "It must be dark to see this."

In substance, the message said, "Good work. Need more details on strength of attacking units. Be prepared to leave tomorrow night. Our attack will be made around nine o'clock. Reach Tête de Flandre before. Jock MacTigue, flying captured German pursuit plane, will land and pick you up while bombardment continues across Scheldt."

That meant tonight.

Can Peter escape? Can he rescue Melanie from Harmony Street and get her to MacTigue's plane? And what of D'Hasque, her father, now in the ruthless hands of the Fräulein and Schmidt? Next week's chapter is tense, swift, exciting!

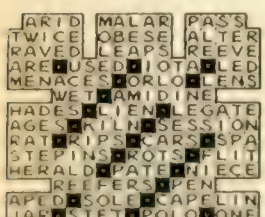
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

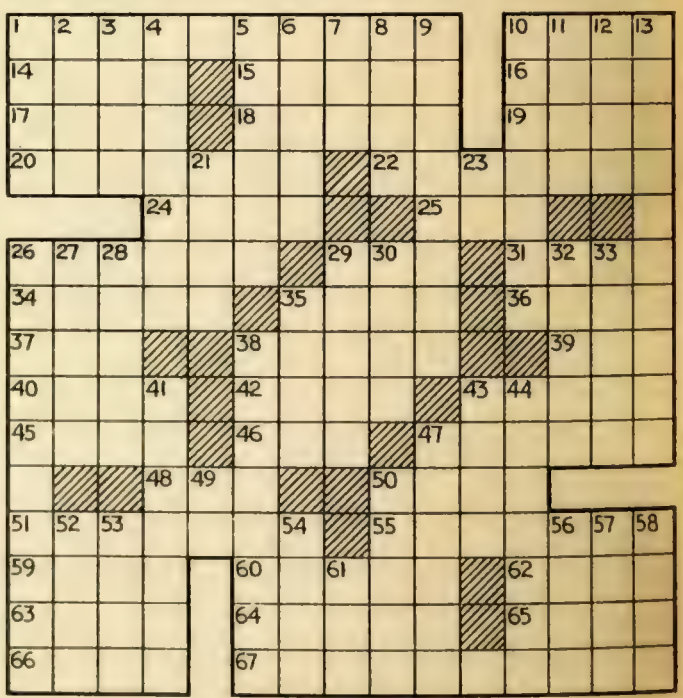
1 Jerks
10 Father of the thought
14 What Shelley pressed his suit with
15 He gets a lot of praise in the East
16 Worn-out rake
17 Pound the flesh
18 Real dirty mud
19 We're just another on Hitler's list—he says!
20 Original rumble-seat rider
22 The country that captures this three times keeps it. Come on, England!
24 Spanish rivers
25 A swill fellow
26 The ribs of defense
29 502
31 Result of running into an old friend in the dark
34 One third of Churchill's promises (pl.)
35 Gives a nonexistent third party a thorough going-over
36 A base thing about Greenland
37 What a woman calls a dress after two wearings
38 Never do this to celery while listening to a radio program—you won't hear it
39 Take Life Easy (abbr.)
40 Hitler's nemesis
42 Whenever there's a draft, there's a breakdown of this
43 Afghan tycoon
45 The only thing in the world I never want to meet you in
46 A horsy word
47 General state of fuzz on a young man's lip
48 Device for bathing would-be invaders (abbr.)
50 Read backward
51 If you want to see more of your gal, why not take her to one of these?
55 Famous female impersonator
59 Cinder squirt—she sure does a comic strip
60 Wopera
62 Ripping—eh, wot?
63 To kinda kiss the thing next to you unromantically
64 Chief difference between Oxford, England, and Oxford, Mississippi
65 In a shuffle
66 First attachment of the young
67 All-weather jobs—you never know at all whether the top'll work

VERTICAL

1 Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Parents (abbr.)
2 Part of summer cooling system
3 Cut off in maturity
4 A king of kings (Shane's spelling)
5 Subcellar tenors
6 This is merely what Deutschland wants to be über
7 Loping Lads of Italy (abbr.)
8 The leg she put on the table last Sunday
9 How he felt when she called him lambie-pie in public
10 What she used to get out of her girdle
11 Itty bitty
12 Crick in the British jugular
13 Hunk of the eight-ball
21 What great masters and mechanics work in
23 It's in backward
26 Anemic asparagus (two words)
27 Call to arms, then reject (fem.)
28 Blitzbird
29 Grab a skirt and crawl
30 The worm in a yard
32 Part of ein Cherman cow
33 What a Vassar girl has on her mind
35 How old maids die
38 This is terribly attractive
41 To raise man from the Nazis
43 One of those Egyptian goddesses (sorry!)
44 Careful—this kind of bliss may follow a kiss!
47 Garlic-scented fossilized garden hose
49 Put a plug in it!
50 What interior decorators swish over
52 They're dusting this off for Little Sir Wrecko
53 Kind of a close-up
54 Very popular during a gas attack
56 City often mentioned by polite Brooklyn schoolboys
57 Commonest substance in England today
58 I know a bookworm so hungry he even reads these old stand-bys
61 Shane's Idiocies Baffle (abbr.; advt.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

THE CITY EDITOR AND THE LADY

Continued from Page 15

night," he said. "See you're on it. I'll call Bart Allison and tell him to meet you. Chapin and Burke are being arraigned at ten in the morning. Be there!"

And we were. Wedged between Bart Allison of the Globe and Blackie Davis (heaven help us!) of the Inquirer, who took one look at Gail and started drooling. Not that I blamed him. She has the gayest pair of eyes and the trimmest set of legs, with body to match, that ever I saw; that ever Blackie saw, either, I guess—the way he leered at her. But when the legal parade started I slipped into harness and forgot I was supposed to mother a lovely whelp.

From the grim resentful hush that settled over the stuffy courtroom when Harriette Chapin, Dave Burke, and Allen Dwyer, their counsel, appeared, it was evident the citizens of Holton did not consider murder a civic virtue. It was my first glimpse of the accused pair, and I must say neither appealed to me as being especially charming. Harriette was a lush Juno with warm lips and eyes that looked as if they'd been chipped off an iceberg. Dave Burke was small, tense—and pale.

Harriette wept at random throughout the proceedings, but was careful always to keep one eye on either the press or the judge. The indictment was read, their plea of "Not guilty" entered, the trial date set, and the prisoners led back through the corridor which connected Holton's small jail with its not much larger courthouse. The press followed like a flock of hopeful sea gulls.

As we filed out Blackie staked a claim on Gail. He grabbed her arm, rushed her into the lead, and somehow managed to head Harriette off before she could reach the stairs (the women's quarters were on the second floor). Pointing proudly to Gail, Blackie said, "Look, Hattie; they grow sobbers like this in Wisconsin. An' she's smart, too. Careful, gal; things ain't gonna be so easy from now on!"

Harriette fixed Gail with an evil eye, then shifted her gaze to Blackie. "You know good and well, Mr. Davis," she pouted, "I don't see newspaper-*women.*" With that she turned and started upstairs—the pack of press men, Blackie included, at her heels.

I got to Gail in less than a second. "So Mrs. Lush-lush won't see women reporters, won't she? We'll fix her!" I whispered, because I didn't want Gert Macy and Lucille Wagner, from rival sheets, to hear what I said. "Bart's going to introduce you to Burke. Go to work on him. He'll break *if you don't mention the case.*"

Gail searched my eyes. "What'll I talk about?"

"Anything else," I said. "You won't have to wait long; he'll get to it quickly. And find out what Dwyer said to him in court just before the indictment was read. Whatever it was, it made Dave mad. Good luck! I'm going to find a place to board."

She said, "I'll do my best, Lynn." Her voice shook a little, but she went straight over to Bart Allison. I eased out the door. I hated leaving her, because I knew she was still smarting from Harriette Chapin's well aimed clip, but what could I do? The letter said, "See she gets thoroughly banged around."

Mrs. Higgins, a good-natured, florid widow who lived two doors from the jail, agreed to rent Gail and me her front bedroom and give us our meals. If Mrs. Higgins cooked as well as she talked, I'd made a deal. In a half hour I not only had Mrs. Higgins' opinion of Harriette Chapin, but that of every member of the Ladies' Aid—and were they pretty!

As I said, Holton's amphitheater was not large enough to accommodate the Chapin-Burke spectacle, so certain adjusting had to be done by the ladies and gents of the fourth estate. There was no press room in the courthouse, for example, and no place to put one. But Mrs. Dimmett, the sheriff's wife, cleared her parlor, and typewriters were set up there. It was very handy, because a narrow hallway connected it with the jail.

There was no sign of Gail when I got back, so I unveiled my portable and went to work. Gert Macy, Larry

DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do—sometimes. And so it's very much to your interest to . . . GET THIS!

Found by eminent doctors: *on comparing, four other leading cigarette brands average three times as irritant as the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and, the irritation lasts more than five times as long!* Philip Morris smokers enjoy the world's finest tobaccos—with no worry about throat irritation—*even if you inhale!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Sommers, and Chic Haynes were slaving too. I'd almost finished my lead when Blackie came in. After a quick (and excessively profane) turn around the room, he plumps down on the edge of my table and demands, "Who's this Wisconsin wile you lugged up here?"

Chic Haynes looked up from his machine and mumbled, "Eef you don't vant eet, I vant eet."

"Shut up!" Blackie snapped, and turned to me again. "Know where she is? She's talking to Burke—cozy as can be. *An' he's talking to her.* The blasted little holdout! Has no truck with us, but when Little-Cute-Thing shows up he starts prattling like a Partlet."

★ JUST then Gail came in, looking as if she'd made a touchdown in the last ten seconds of play. Everybody rushed her, with Blackie out in front. I sat and watched. And I must say I was proud of the way she stayed on her feet. Blackie couldn't scare her into admitting anything, not even when he said, "Look, Little-Cute-Thing. Don't get the idea that because Uncle Blackie thinks you're swell he'll stand for monkey business. He won't. Go beatin' Uncle Blackie outta stories an' Uncle Blackie'll hang it on you *heavy.*"

Gail gave it right back to him. "What," she cooed, "Uncle Blackie gets is Uncle Blackie's. What Gail gets—is Gail's."

Blackie shifted attack quickly. "Look, honey," he pleaded. "We'll work together. I give you Chapin quotes, you give me Burke quotes. How about it?"

"At the age of ten," Gail said, "I was warned not to barter fact for fancy, especially to handsome newshawks."

Blackie shifted attack again. "By special messenger from heaven, I presume?" he sneered.

"No," Gail said calmly; "by a certain foreign correspondent who happened to be my father."

That shut Blackie up. But I knew it wouldn't last, so I rushed Gail over to Mrs. Higgins'. When we were safely barricaded behind the front bedroom door, I said, "Well?"

Her eyes gleamed. "He did, Lynn. How'd you know he would?"

"Would what?" I demanded, a little impatiently, I'm afraid.

"Talk—if I kept still."

"About the case, you mean?"

"Yes."

I smiled. "It's a handy old trick. Almost always works on egocentrics. Egocentrics have to talk about themselves. I'm surprised the others muffed it. They went in and talked to Burke, which saved him the trouble. So of course he wouldn't break. What'd he say?"

"He told me what happened in court. Dwyer wants to move for separate trials."

"You mean Harriette wants to. She knows darn well she'd have a better chance to sway a jury if Burke wasn't hanging on her skirts. Is he ranting?"

"At Dwyer, not Harriette. He says Dwyer has her hypnotized, or she'd never consent to such a thing."

"Listen to who's calling who bewitched! Harriette's got Dave Burke under a deeper spell than Svengali had Trilby—and he says she's hypnotized. Poor little guy, too bad to waste gallantry on such worn-out virtue."

Gail looked worried. "Do you think he killed James Stanton?"

"Do you?" I countered, wanting to find how good she was at deduction.

"No, I don't," she said, and she said it positively. "Not even if they prove he pulled the trigger, I won't believe he's a murderer. I'll bet Harriette thought the whole thing up. That puts the actual blame on her."

Which for anybody's money was good, if not conclusive, deducting. I spoke casually. "Did Dave happen

"Here's the coal, mom—heave ho!"

to tell you he *did* pull the trigger?"

"No," she said, and her eyes didn't waver; "he said Stanton committed suicide."

My mouth fell open. "Why hasn't some one made mention of this before?"

"I don't know. But Dave thinks it should be told; thinks it will offset the public resentment that's building up against Harriette. He asked me to see it got printed."

"He what?" I screamed.

She lit a cigarette, and I could tell she was nervous. "I said I would. Do you think Hunt will refuse?"

"Probably," I mumbled weakly—"like a seal refuses fish. How is Dave going to explain away the fact he bought a gun at the pawnshop in Marysville two days before the shooting and that now the gun is missing?"

"He doesn't deny it. He says Stanton snatched the gun out of his hand and shot himself. When he and Harriette realized they'd be accused of murdering him, they threw the gun into the water in the cove. Then Harriette waited until Dave got away before she came into Holton to report Stanton's death."

"But why didn't she mention the suicide angle? She said Stanton was dead when she got to the cottage."

Gail shook her head, and I kept on trying to piece the puzzle together. Pretty soon she said, "Do you think Hunt will print it?"

"He may want more than Dave's word."

"Would it help if we found the gun?"

"*Can* we find it?"

She took a scrap of paper out of the pocket of her tweed jacket and handed it to me. It was a crudely drawn map. "Dave says if we follow it exactly we won't have any trouble."

"Child," I said, "you've done a grand job. Your dad'd be proud. If we find that gun the case will bust wide open. I've got the feeling Harriette's up to no good. I think she'll frame Dave if things get hot. This should tell us. Better get our typewriters; it'll be safer to work here. I'm calling Hunt."

She looked at me eagerly. "What do you think he'll say?"

"You call," I urged, "and hear for yourself."

Almost shyly she said, "No; just tell me."

I said I would, and she started out the door. But I stopped her. "You might look in on Burke and tell him all the other reporters are lepers."

She gave me a wicked little grin. "Oh, he isn't seeing them. He told Mr. Dimmett not to let any one in but me. How's that for blocking?"

★ I CALLED Hunt at his apartment because he never got to the office until late afternoon. "Thought I'd better report," I said casually, "that the whelp's just skinned her last wolf and hung the pelt out to dry." Before he could answer I gave him the high lights of the story Gail got from Dave Burke, then let him talk.

He didn't say much, just clipped off orders. Told me to work with Bill Haggerty, the district attorney—for Dave's protection as much as ours. "I'll send up a plane tonight," he said, "with an extra photographer, some dredging equipment, and a couple of strong-armed boys. Get a car and be at the airport at nine. Find that gun, Lynn. I won't believe this is real until we've got pictures of it. Be sure no one trails you to the cove. We'll throw an advance blurb into the first edition—I can get it from what you've told me. But we'll hold off the story until we know this isn't fantasy. Don't file anything; Blackie probably has all the wires tapped. Send your stuff down with the pilot. . . .

I thought he was going to hang up, but he didn't. Instead he said, "Watch Gail, will you, Lynn? Blackie'll go crazy when we start breaking this stuff." I promised I would; then he hung up.

We found the gun, but it was midnight before I got back to Mrs. Higgins'. A welcoming committee was gathered in the parlor. Gail, Mrs. Higgins (by now a self-appointed

member of the Globe staff), and Bart Allison sat on the divan, Blackie Davis was perched on the padded stool in front of the wheezy pedal organ. One look at his face told me his city desk had flashed him word of our beat. Every one started talking at once, but Blackie outshouted them all. "So!" he snorted. "Little-Cute-Thing got Dave to talk, did she?" He grabbed my arm, not gently. "Well, I don't think the Inquirer's outta this race. We'll have Hunt Harper cryin' help before we're through. Tell him that —for Waldman and me." Waldman was his city editor and a brother rat. I knew we were in for trouble.

Hunt proved his genius in the way he handled that Burke material. It was tricky stuff, because we couldn't be sure, even with the gun to substantiate it, that it wasn't another display of Dave's mania for protecting Harriette. But it did two things: it injected life into a story which was all but laid away, and it brought Harriette Chapin to heel.

Hunt broke the suicide story in the last edition on Friday. After that things started happening so fast I'd better put them down in chronological order.

At eleven o'clock Harriette got a frantic message to Dave (by Carrie, her maid, who came to the jail every day) which implored him to retract the story. It also warned him she had proof that Gail was working out of the district attorney's office and was only trying to trap him into a confession. Dave showed Gail the note and, probably for the first time since he'd known her, defied Harriette's wishes. "For," he explained to Gail, "Hattie's own good."

At noon Dwyer threatened to throw up the case if Dave did not deny the story and anything else the Globe printed. Dave stubbornly withstood that blitz too. Said he'd get another lawyer.

At two o'clock Waldman appeared and asked to see Gail. He offered her a year's contract on the Inquirer and five thousand dollars for Dave's "confession." Gail said, "Thanks, no," to both offers.

At three o'clock Mrs. Dimmett, the sheriff's wife, whispered to me that Harriette was in a state. Mrs. Dimmett didn't like Harriette, but she thought Dave was a "poor hexed little man" and lavished motherly sympathy on him.

At four o'clock Harriette sent for me.

The session was brief. Harriette started off with a teary appeal for sympathy and understanding. All she wanted, she assured me, was the chance to tell her story to a jury. I was unmoved by the tears. "When you tell your story, Mrs. Chapin," I said, "the Globe will print it. Meanwhile we will continue to give Mr. Burke's version." The tears disappeared and she eyed me coldly.

"You'll get no more news from Dave Burke—I'll see to that. Dave will do anything I ask."

Two days later Gail and I were to realize the macabre significance of that statement.

On Saturday Dwyer moved for separate trials. The motion was denied. Waldman called Bill Haggerty and demanded he issue a subpoena for Gail as a material witness. Bill refused. Bart Allison swung Blackie's jaw off center as a reward for the scurrilous story on Gail the Inquirer ran that morning.

Sunday the Inquirer took its campaign against Gail into public domain by printing its demand she be subpoenaed. The demand was calculated to back Bill Haggerty into a corner, which it did. It was also calculated to rock Gail's composure, which it didn't—but it brought Hunt up on the afternoon plane.

Gail and I were banging our typewriters in Mrs. Higgins' parlor when the bell rang. Mrs. Higgins was out visiting and, being nearer the door, I answered. Hunt didn't say a word—just took hold of my arm, and, like a trained robot, I led him back to the parlor. When Gail saw him, she stood up, almost like a rookie at salute. Hunt looked at her a full minute before he said, "Still want to be a sobber?"

Gail answered, "Yes."

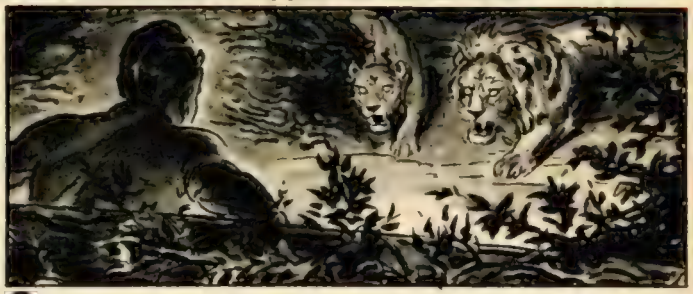
Hunt said, "More than you want to be Mrs. Hunt Harper?"

"What," said Gail, searching his eyes, "do you mean?"

He laughed. A queer sort of laugh that might have been a sob if it had

FANGS BARED, THE JUNGLE BEASTS CROUCHED TO SPRING!

A true experience of CHARLES "TEX" STONE, *Dallas, Texas, world's foremost hunter of big game with bow and arrows*



1 "RETURNING FROM A HUNTING TRIP in the African bush one night," writes Mr. Stone, "I stopped to re-set a heavy log trap. Putting aside the haunch of meat I was carrying, I lifted the deadfall. Suddenly the log fell, pinning me flat!

2 "THEN I HEARD A LION ROAR! It had followed the scent of the fresh meat! As I worked frantically to free myself, there was a stealthy rustle in the underbrush! I thought of my flashlight . . . switched it on . . .

3 "TWO ENORMOUS LIONS stood snarling at me . . . ready to spring! But the piercing beam held them at bay. Digging frantically at the soft earth, I finally got free of the trap. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, I was soon back at camp.

(Signed) Charles "Tex" Stone

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

come from a woman's throat. "That I'm in love with you, you precious whelp! And that I can't stand the way these lugs are booting you around."

"Hunt," Gail murmured softly, "do you mean it's pay my money and take my choice—Mrs. Harper or Miss Sobber, but not both?"

"That's it, darling. I won't have something Waldman's battered to a pulp wearing my wedding ring."

Gail smiled then. "Waldman can't do that to me, Hunt," she said. "No one can."

"That's what they all say just before kissing their personal life goodby. Which a sobber has to do, Gail—if she's good. She can't have a life of her own because she has to be ready to take off at a moment's notice on any new assignment. Then one day she wakes up to find she's a worn-out old drab who's lived so long on other people's emotions, her own have atrophied. You're a damn good reporter—you've proved it. How about taking to fiction now, and me?"

His voice changed with disquieting suddenness. "Sorry," he said, almost formally. "I'm not one to crowd. Besides, the books say your heart's supposed to tell you these things, not I." His voice got warm again. "In case your heart starts talking, let me know."

The next second Gail and I were alone again.

Gail turned to me. "Dad loved you this way, didn't he? He asked you this same thing. He told me he did, the day he gave me the letter. You didn't give up your job, Lynn. Are you glad?"

I swallowed, to ease the ache in my throat. "I won't tell you, child," I muttered, "not until you've decided." How could I tell her (without influencing her decision) that I'd trade every assignment I'd ever covered for one touch of Sam Patterson's hand?

We went back to work. Mrs. Higgins came in at six and fixed supper. Gail went to bed at ten, I followed at eleven. But it was two o'clock before I dozed off. I suspect Gail didn't sleep at all.

A thin ribbon of light penciled the horizon's east rim when Mrs. Higgins came puffing into our room the next morning, wearing a voluminous flannel nightgown, a mop of kid curlers, and a look of hysterical fright. "Miss Lynn an' Miss Gail," she gasped, "somethin' awful's happened at the jail. Mrs. Dimmett says to come quick."

Gail and I were into clothes and at the back door of the Dimmett apartment before Mrs. Higgins' teeth stopped chattering. Mrs. Dimmett let us in and led the way to Dave Burke's cell. Mr. Dimmett was there, bent over Dave's still body.

Dave Burke was dead.

"I found the poor little fellow like this when I brought his breakfast," Mr. Dimmett said, straightening up and handing Gail a note. "It was in his hand," Mr. Dimmett explained.

Just then a rush of hysterical sobbing filtered down the stairs. I whispered, "You told her?" and Mr. Dimmett nodded.

We stood huddled around the cot while Gail ripped open the note, unabashed tears spilling out of her eyes. Suddenly an angry flush dried the tears and she looked up at me. "The case is closed, Lynn," she said quietly. "Harriette Chapin killed both Stanton and Dave."

"But she couldn't kill Dave," I argued. "She wasn't allowed down here."

"No," Gail said; "but Carrie was." Her lips set in a tight line. "Harriette planned both murders *at the same time*. Listen: Harriette got Dave to agree to shoot Stanton if he refused to continue their affair. Stanton refused, and Dave shot him—just as the state contends. But Harriette got Dave to agree to something else."

"What?" I asked, out of dry lips.

"A 'suicide pact,' she called it. I call it murder. This was the plan: If Dave got involved in the Stanton case (and Harriette saw to it he did), and if things got hopeless for them, they were to take capsules of cyanide."

"Both of them?"

"Yes. But Harriette didn't take hers."

"Where'd they get the capsules?"

"The note just says that Harriette gave one to Dave the night they planned the party for Stanton. He sewed his in the cuff of his trousers so it wouldn't be found when he was searched. Harriette was supposed to have hers sewed into a hem of something. She probably didn't even have one. As a signal they agreed on the first line of one of Harriette's poems. Carrie slipped the signal to Dave last night as she was leaving. It's enclosed in the note—in Harriette's handwriting."

★ A GRIM smile settled over Gail's face. "But before he took the capsule Dave decided to clear up the whole mess. What would be the harm? Harriette would be dead, and he would too. . . .

"Dave wanted me to get the break. In a sense, it's an apology for the suicide story, which was sheer myth. He was protecting Harriette again, and they *did* throw the gun in the cove."

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "Harriette's caught in her own trap."

"Exactly," said Gail, and there was no mistaking her satisfaction. But when she leaned over the cot her voice was tender. "Poor little Dave," she murmured, "you're free of her at last." As she stopped speaking she turned and walked toward the stairs.

"What," I asked anxiously, "are you going to do?"

"First I'm going to stop those crocodile tears that are flooding the second floor. Then"—she gave me a crooked little smile—"I'm going to call Hunt—and tell him I favor white lilacs for spring brides."

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ A LADY in high gear now, with our summer fun season opening up, is Anna Halpin, the only woman I know who manages an entire amusement park—roller coasters, merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, shooting galleries, dance pavilions, swimming pools, hot-dog stands, fortune tellers, trick divers, ballyhoo barkers, and all. At sixteen she sold beaded moccasins for her uncle, a Coney Island concessionaire.

Since those young days she's run every type of amusement pitch, her name becoming familiar to every one connected with that hilarious profession.

As the result of her shooting-gallery days, she can outmarksmanship her husband, though he's a ballistics expert in a police laboratory.

For six years Mrs. Halpin has been in charge of Palisades Park, on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, across from Manhattan. Her job is dramatic; sometimes acrobatic. She tests all new thrillers by riding them first herself, then by *climbing* them to the very top to see how they're built. Studying her public, what she hasn't learned about people at play isn't worth report. Take this example of her research: "In our business," she said to me, "the amount of psychology we have to use may surprise you. For instance, a good coaster ride must be designed to bump the girls into the boys' arms at just the right psychological moment—so they'll stay on and pay a second fare." . . . To amuse herself, Anna Halpin prefers symphony concerts.

☆ CLARE BOOTHE tells me how she kissed the psychologers good-by some years back, before the outset of her busy, brilliant career.

Unnerved by idleness, she went to a psychiatrist for treatment. She'd need two hours a week, he estimated, at twenty dollars an hour. That seemed steep, declared Clare. What about ten instead of twenty? "Now I know what ails you," gloomed the mind-over-matter man. "You have a money complex!" . . . A steady job cured her in no time, says Clare, and *she* got paid for it, *not* the psychologer!

☆ HERE'S a true story that may develop a dramatic ending. I'll tell you all I know about it so far. . . . A nice girl fell in love with a nice married man, and since both were nice, they decided not to see each other any more. She thought a change of scene might help her forget him, so she took a short trip to Bermuda. When she sailed, he sent her a case of champagne, also to help her forget. On the boat she made friends with another lone lady. They shared one bottle a day— two days going, five days on the island, two days coming back. Nine bottles.

Home again now, she has three bottles left to *remember him by!*

☆ A PINT of inexpensive American champagne will be more than plenty for this very swell dinner dessert called *Pineapple Wine Surprise.*

Take a ripe pineapple and cut it in half lengthwise, leaves and all. Scoop out and chop the pineapple meat, adding 3 sliced peaches, sugar to taste, and 1½ cups medium-sweet champagne.

Chill thoroughly. Fill the 2 pineapple "boats." Sprinkle with crushed almond brittle. On the side serve extra fruit cut up in the champagne sauce.

"Look, ma—mock turtle!"

☆ IRENE PARROTT'S new book, Friday to Monday, tackles all our problems of week-end visiting and entertaining. Even advises us how to behave as guests at an army camp or navy station. (Published by Wilfred Funk, Inc. $2.)

☆ ON the subject of new books, I have a hunch we may expect one from Margaret Mitchell, who wrote Gone with the Wind. Talking with her a while ago, I said I'd regretted to hear she was ill the last time I reached her home town, Atlanta, Georgia. Her eyes twinkled as she replied in her soft Southern voice: "That's how I keep by myself when I'm working, so don't you take rumors about my health too seriously. I start 'em on purpose. The next time, you just come to my house and walk right in."

I'd love to—because she's a real pleasure. Tiny in size but *grand* company.

☆ FOR pity's sake never call the Hudson's Bay Company the *Hudson* Bay Company! Here's what might happen if you should: Helen Lyon of Columbia's School of the Air program showed me a letter from Bogert Wilson, chief forest ranger at Oba, Canada. "I may have misunderstood," wrote Ranger Wilson, "but in a recent broadcast I think you said Hudson Bay instead of *Hudson's* Bay. I realize you would hate to have a lot of long-bearded Scottish post managers, listening in way up around the Arctic Circle, suddenly turn handsprings upon hearing such an utterance, and harpoon or smash their radio sets with the jawbone of a whale." . . .

That will give you an idea of how touchy men get in the wilderness, far from the soothing influence of women!

words, we took a long boat trip here just to dig in your cliffs."

Not much of the lieutenant's fine sarcasm penetrated to the mind of Jim Alcott. He was too concerned with retrieving his keepsakes.

"I want to get up to the top," he said boldly. "I have some things up there that I'll be wanting, and I want to have a look at my hut."

The lieutenant was quite disarmed by the boy's disregard of his little speech. It took away some of his cocksureness. They were quite bold, these ignorant Devonshire people. His commission and his uniform meant very little to any of them, not even the children.

☆ "YOU can't go up there," he said authoritatively. "We're building a pillbox to protect your cove and your country."

"We'll not be needin' so much protection. There's Drake protecting our country too," the boy said calmly. "He'll see nothing ever happens to Devon, for he was a Devon man, and his crews were recruited out of this same country."

"Drake isn't here now," the lieutenant said. "And if you were my boy you wouldn't be spending your time thinking about him and playing games up here. You'd be busy somewhere learning something about drill and organization. And then you wouldn't put your trust in a man that's been dead nearly four hundred years."

"I don't rightly understand you, sir," the boy said. "I only know that Mister Jan said about Drake's drum; and that when England is in trouble, sir—why, then he'll help her out. And now may I go up to my place there?"

Lieutenant Mackenzie looked down at the boy, quite bewildered by his obstinacy in holding onto his beliefs.

"You're not allowed to go mucking about up there," he said sternly. "Just this once I'll take you up so's you can find your things."

The tall soldier turned sharply and began to climb upward. He moved easily, and Jim had a hard time keeping up with him. But they arrived together. Jim looked around him. He was wide-eyed, and then he felt that he was going to cry. He tried as hard as he could not to, and he got away with only slightly moist eyes. For in the place where his hut had been were the utensils of modern war: cement and steel girders and a dismantled machine gun with many boxes of ammunition.

"They've torn up my place," Jim said softly.

"We had to," Mackenzie said. "It's the best place from which to command the beach and the whole cove. As long as we maintain our position here, no troops will be able to make a landing. This gun is soon going to be augmented by others, and then there'll be trenches just back from the beach—" Mackenzie suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was explaining the strategical position of the cove to a nine-year-old boy, only because he wanted to impress upon him the need for tearing up his silly playhouse. He bit his teeth together.

"You told me you had some things here you wanted to fetch," he said. "What were they?"

"A compass, and a sword, and the name plate off a tractor."

"Sergeant Hill," Mackenzie said sharply.

The N. C. O. turned and approached Mackenzie and the boy. He saluted.

"This young lad says he's lost some things here. A compass, and a sword, and something else—I don't know—"

"The name plate off a tractor," Jim said; "they were stored up here near that tree."

"I think we found 'em, sir, but I think Jameson—that was the man that found them—threw most of them away. Just kept the compass, sir, as it was the only regulation bit of equipment."

"How about the sword?" Mackenzie asked sternly.

"'Twas made out of wood, sir," the sergeant said, smiling.

Mackenzie slapped the palm of his hand with his swagger stick. He was annoyed by the whole incident.

"Where'd you get the compass, lad?" he asked.

"It was my father's," Jim said. "Couldn't I have it back, sir? My father got it from a soldier in the Great War, and he used it on his trawler. He left it home, sir, when he went on his last trip, 'bout four months ago. Couldn't I have it back, sir?"

"It's regulation equipment and not made for civilian use. We'll have to keep it." It was the only way to take this sentimentalism out of the kid; it was the only way to make him a realist.

"Oh," Jim said. The tears rolled heavily down his cheeks. Then he turned and ran toward home. He ran blindly, the tears filling his eyes.

☆ THE conscience of Lieutenant Mackenzie of the Seventy-second Seaforth Highlanders was not completely at peace as he watched the small figure of the boy running away toward the village. He knew that "right" was on his side and that in the long run it would be better for the boy to forget about his dead father, but still it was somehow all wrong. Especially when Sergeant Hill remarked that young Alcott was a likely lad and that it was sad that regulations had forced the lieutenant to take his compass. As if destroying his hut was not enough.

The lieutenant looked angrily at his N. C. O.

"You wouldn't have us move the pillbox for his hut, would you, sergeant?" Mackenzie asked. "You know this thing is not just a whim of G. H. Q. We are expecting enemy raids for prisoners and retaliation all along this coast. And I think it would be rather hard to drive them off with a wooden sword, don't you know."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said promptly. "We'll be moving our men into positions right soon, won't we, sir?"

"Tonight," Mackenzie said. "Eight men—four with the beacons and four to service the gun. There'll be three shifts nightly from now on. . . . I'm going down to the village now. See that your men occupy their positions as soon as the sappers clear out."

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Hill said absently. As if they couldn't wait until tomorrow to push their men into the pillbox. But this young martinet was running his outfit as though it were fighting the battle of the Somme or Passchendaele. They'd been in England three months and this fellow hadn't relaxed one moment. And leaves! Well, you might as well ask him to clean your shoes. Blast the war. If the Germans would only try their bloody invasion. At least they'd have something to do.

While Sergeant Hill was experiencing the agonies that a state of siege inflicts, Mackenzie was suffering with a strange case of diseased vanity. He had suddenly decided to return the compass to Jim Alcott, and he was wondering just how it could be done so as not to appear as a defeat. He had to find some way out so that he would not appear ridiculous. He would have to say something severe and at the same time humane.

☆ AFTER many inquiries as to where the Alcott house was located, Mackenzie found himself before the door of a small but clean fishing house. He tapped the silver knob of his cane against the weather-beaten wood of the door and waited. He listened to the steps inside, and then the door was opened by a young woman. Mackenzie's interest grew after his first careless glance had revealed the pretty young face at the door.

"Miss Alcott?" he asked, saluting courteously.

"Missus," the young woman said. And then, after an awkward pause, "If you be wanting to see Mr. Alcott about something, it isn't possible, as he has gone down in the sea." Her face was flushed with pain, and yet she managed to keep her voice steady and calm. "All that is living here now," she said, "is young Jimmy and myself."

"I am Lieutenant Mackenzie, madam," he said. "I've come to return your son's compass. Regulations forced me to keep it for a time, but as it's an obsolete piece that means a lot to the lad, I wanted to return it."

"Thank you," the woman said, "thank you so much for your kindness. Jim told me nothing about having lost it, but I know he'll be glad to get it back."

Mackenzie saluted. Then he smiled. "Good evening, madam," he said.

And walking back to officers' mess, he thought a lot about Mrs. Alcott and about the boy who had not even spoken of his misfortunes.

They are a funny race, he thought, uppish and sentimental, muddlers and snobs, and yet they had something, something you couldn't quite put your finger on.

He wouldn't mind staying in England for a while after the war was over. One learned a lot. Maybe he'd even take an English wife.

☆ IT seemed to all of the men stationed near Brixham that they had never known a war that was so full of peace. When you looked out across the barbed-wire fences or down over the top of the little pillbox stationed high in the cliffs, you had the feeling that this land of green and red and blue was not only at peace now but that it had been at peace for years and years.

"And *they* are only a hundred miles or so off, right across the water, gathering their troops and their tanks, loading their planes with bombs; and we are here, looking down at the sea and the beach. And there is the lad playing at games, not worrying about them or their planes. It bloody well scares me."

Sergeant Hill looked across at his commanding officer. It was queer hearing him speak like that.

"They can't frighten us," he said.

"That's just about what every one on this island says. Just look at that lad down there. Playing his games. He's not scared. He thinks his old Drake will save him." Lieutenant Mackenzie laughed bitterly. "What's he got there, sergeant? Isn't that one of our oilcans for the motorized transports?"

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Hill said somewhat shamefacedly. "Some of the men rolled it out there for him—it's an empty, sir. He says it's Drake's drum; and then he plays he's Drake, hearing the old drum and coming back to fight for England. But he never beats it—too holy a thing for just a game. Does everything but beat it. He's shouting 'St. George for merrie England!' now, sir."

Mackenzie's lips tightened. This was just the sort of thing he disapproved of, a boy playing games and the men watching him. That was no way to run a war.

"From tomorrow on keep him off the beach, sergeant," Mackenzie said coldly. "His presence distracts the men."

"And a good distraction, too," the sergeant murmured, but Mackenzie had moved out of earshot.

Down on the beach Jim was still continuing his romantic game. It didn't matter so much any more that his hut was gone. He kept his new wooden sword and his drum in a new place down by the driftwood. In the evenings he would hide it in the sand, and each day he would find it again.

Quite unconscious of the men watching him from the machine-gun nest, he began digging in the sand where he hid his playthings. There was an old cardboard box that served as a chest for his sword and compass. He buried it carefully, marking the spot with pirate signs. Then he went back for the drum. He rolled it to the driftwood and then he abandoned his treasure. He had to be getting home. His mother was having Mister Jan in for tea, and she had made him promise that he would be on time.

But he was still thinking of Drake when he arrived home. He entered the small hut and helped his mother with the tea-things. Working together, they had everything prepared when Mister Jan arrived.

The peaceful English afternoon, so obnoxious to Mackenzie, was continuing without a hitch.

The tea was hot, the muffins well toasted, and the jam unusually good. Mister Jan told them several fantastic stories of his heroic life as the mate on a freighter.

Even the weather seemed to be doing its bit in creating a model English afternoon, for before Mister Jan could ask for his second cup, the heavy Channel fog had started to roll in. Jim pulled down the blackout shades and young Mrs. Alcott lit the lamp.

And then, with the darkness, something new came to Devon. The high drone of enemy aviation. They all identified it immediately. They sat huddled together—mute and wide-eyed. In the village they could hear the sirens.

The first explosion was pretty far away, but all the cups were singing long after it was over. Jim touched his to kill the sound. Then more explosions followed, closer to the hut.

"They're looking for something on the beach," the old man said.

Mrs. Alcott began to pray. Mister Jan was much too busy being the technical expert to experience fear.

"There's a close one," he said. "Wait till they're right above us, then we'll be safe." He smiled happily.

☆ BUT Jim was concerned with something besides the bombing. His child's imagination could not picture the extent of his personal danger. He was only worried about his things. Why had he left them on the beach? The compass and the sword. He would lose them now for sure.

"Are you sure, Mister Jan, that they're landing near the beach?" he asked.

"They were, Jim lad, but they ain't now. They've stopped. Jerry's tired."

All three of them listened intently for the next minutes. There were no more explosions, only the drone of the motors fading in the distance.

"Thank the Lord," Mrs. Alcott said.

"And I'll be going home now," the old man said sadly. "Walk me down, Jim lad."

It was as though there had never been danger of death anywhere near. They moved out into the fog and the semidarkness. Mister Jan was elated with their recent experience.

"Now you've been under shellfire," he said again and again. "And you stood up like a regular man."

Jim was thinking of his things down

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on the beach. "It wasn't so much," he said.

They walked along silently. In the village the "All clear" was just being sounded.

Jim dropped the old man at his hut and turned toward the beach. He knew the lanes so well that the heavy fog hardly interfered with his progress. And he was soon running as fast as his legs would carry him. Only the deep sand slowed him, and that was when he had almost arrived. In the fog he almost bumped into his piece of driftwood. He fell to his knees and with his hands began digging in the wet sand. His things were safe.

Not far from them was a large crater, dug by a bomb. With his sword stuck in his belt, his compass in his hand, Jim moved forward to examine it. It was like some great wound in the sandy hills of the beach. It aroused a sense of danger in the boy; it made him feel the war more consciously than he had ever felt before. He moved down the beach and then clambered up toward the pillbox. He must show the men, he must warn them of the danger. It didn't matter to him that what he had seen was only an evidence of danger that was past. His child's brain had suddenly been made aware of the force of a bomb, and it made him go in search of the men, as though he had suddenly discovered the war and wanted to make them aware of it.

☆ BUT before he reached the pillbox that had sheltered the eight sentries, he knew that something was wrong, and then suddenly he saw it. Around a bend, fifty feet ahead, were the bomb-torn remains of the pillbox. The cement was torn, and sticking out of it like a broken bone, a steel girder. It was the glorious evidence of a direct hit.

Jim was frightened. For a second he felt panic, but then a calm overcame him. They were dead, all eight of them. Jim turned and started back. His eyes swept out to sea. There in the fog, just outside the short breakers, was a motor craft bearing down on the land. Faintly through the fog, Jim could make out the Nazi flag on the bow.

Many things flashed through his mind. Aloneness, and the feeling that he must warn the others, warn the soldiers in the town. They were obviously unaware of what was threatening. There was only himself and the dead sentries on the cliff facing the Germans. He wheeled and ran down the narrow path. His mouth was dry and his heart was beating fast. Down at the bottom of the trail he came out onto the open beach. He moved more slowly now, his feet hanging in the heavy sand.

A searchlight from the torpedo boat cut through the heavy fog and swept down the beach. It passed over him for an instant, like a hand that was pointing, and then it stopped. Slowly it followed him, and then it passed him again, and then it found him. He ran as hard as he could now, but the light hung on to him. He ducked down and waited for the light to pass over him. He was well aware now of what he had to do. "Warn them, warn them," ran through his brain. Call the men of the Seaforth. He crawled forward a little way until he was out of the light.

In his mind a plan was forming. He would get up and run farther. If he could only avoid the light. But it was on him again. He looked out toward the boat. Then he rose and sprinted on. The heavy sand dragged at his feet. He fell headlong. Pain started in his leg. He had stumbled over the driftwood, spraining his right ankle. It throbbed, torturing him. He lay there in the sand. Tears crowded into his eyes. It wasn't the pain; it was being stopped, hindered, when he needed all his strength. He would never get to the village.

His mind was clouding. And then it cleared again. He would find his drum, he would call Drake. The pain seemed to be all about him, pulling him down, but he went on, straining forward. Finally he reached the empty oilcan, his "drum." He reached down to his belt and his fingers clasped the wooden sword. Then he drew it out; and with all of his strength he beat upon the empty can. It was not a strong sound, but it was deep and rich. He beat it again, the pain high in his head now, starting to scream. Again and again.

There was the rattle of a machine gun firing from the sea. It jabbed into the lower part of his body, prostrate upon the sand. His arms could still move. Both hands were on the sword now, and he swung it back, beating it again and again against the drum, the dull sound of the drum full in his head wrestling with the screaming pain—and the fog about him thick as soup.

Mackenzie heard it in the village, as did Sergeant Hill. They both moved at once, quickly and efficiently. They knew that they had never heard the drum before. The boy had refrained from striking it, as though it had been a holy thing. And now it was sounding. The shots were plainly audible above it. All of it had a meaning.

The officers and men of the First Battalion of the Seventy-second Seaforth Highlanders streamed out into the streets. Equipment was in hand. Orders were being shouted. And then they moved down the cobbled streets. They opened fire at the edge of the beach, men flat on their bellies in the sand, discharging their rifles as quickly as they could pull triggers. From above them, on the cliff, a machine gun began to battle, new men replacing the dead. Mackenzie and his detachment were moving up the beach, attacking from the side. His movements were calm. His face was set. As he topped a small dune, on his way to a new cover fifty yards ahead, he suddenly stopped. Down below him in the sand, near a large piece of driftwood was the boy.

Jim looked up. The firing was much too confused in his mind. It had seemed that there were more of the enemy moving in, and then he saw the man above him on the dune. Through the mists that were curling over his brain he could distinguish no feature. There was only a tall man, an Englishman, high above him; some one that had come in answer to his drumbeat. It seemed almost as though this man were superbly tall, with armor on his shoulders. In his hand he seemed to be carrying a slender sword.

"Drake," the boy whispered—"Sir Francis, help—us—now." And then, as though he wasn't sure, "Help—us—now—if you are Drake!"

Mackenzie stood rigid. Emotion was crowding him, and yet he seemed to hesitate. He had been caught in his harshest moment, caught by compassion and love.

"It's me, lad," he started; and then, softly, "Me, Drake of Devon, come to help you all."

The boy's eyes fluttered. Mackenzie leaned forward.

"St. George for merrie England," he said. It was strong and yet gentle. He swung his stick. It flashed like a sword in the eyes of the boy. He smiled, forgetting all pain, for he heard it again. "St. George for merrie England."

☆ LATER, when they had cleared the beach, Mackenzie had remained. The raid had been repulsed. The casualties had been light. But there was no feeling of success. He only felt that he had learned something, found something new. He was a man who had lived through a moment that had twisted the neck of time, and he had obtained a vision, something that he should have known long ago, something about England.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Andrew Jackson Houston, son of General Sam Houston, famous Texas hero—to fill the unexpired term of the late Morris Sheppard.

2—It's a ninety-foot square.

3—Sound travels through hot summer air at 1,266 feet a second. Multiply this by the number of seconds between the lightning and the thunder, and you will have the distance of the lightning.

4—No. The British Army Office issued a form for soldiers to fill out. As a sample, a filled-out form was supplied, using the made-up name, Thomas Atkins.

5—Hamlet, by Shakespeare.

6—To investigate methods used in rebuilding San Francisco after the great fire.

7—President Roosevelt sent him on a good-will tour to Latin-American countries.

8—Lake Chaubunagungamaug, near Webster, Massachusetts.

9—From 1817 to 1823, when political animosities appeared almost not to exist; James Monroe.

10—Because on the wrong side of many fabrics you can see the seams. Thus seamy side is the wrong side.

11—It can go 7,750 miles nonstop.

12—Lily Pons and Rosa Ponselle.

13—It is believed to have been first played in the U. S. by the men who traveled back and forth on the Mississippi River boats.

14—Lionel Barrymore.

15—Hector's, legendary hero of Trojan war.

16—Willkie, Owen, Otis and Bailly.

17—$98, assuming you bet on the winning horse in the first race, and thereafter bet $2 on the horses that came in first, second, and third, picking them in proper order.

18—Ban on automobiles.

19—Members of a religious order in India whose fervor led them to commit acts of violence, which gave the word its present meaning.

20—That is the real name of Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck.

SHOULD A POOR BOY GO TO COLLEGE?

Continued from page 13

worst rich boy. The American Youth Commission has discovered that for every boy or girl who completes the first year in college there is another of equal promise and ability who has had no chance to go to college because he lacks funds. Professor A. C. Payne of Indiana State Teachers College has just completed a five-year study. He finds that nearly one half of the high-school graduates *wanting to work their way* through college cannot get the work they want and consequently do not enter any college. He finds, too, that among them are "many of the best academic possibilities."

This is the answer to those who say that we have the greatest system of free education in the world. Of course we have. We have state universities, and state teachers' colleges, and state agricultural and technical schools, and we now have public junior colleges too. All these institutions charge students, or at least those who live in the state or city where the institution is located, merely nominal fees. We think we have done a great thing when we have done all this, and we have. But what are the students going to live on while attending these free institutions? They have to get jobs; the jobs are not available; or if they are, they are not likely to be a helpful part of the educational process.

It is the same story with the scholarships awarded by those colleges and universities not supported by taxes. Most scholarships merely pay the tuition fee (or less) and leave the student nothing to live on. There aren't enough scholarships, anyway. At the University of Chicago 2,175 scholarships are awarded every year. But more than 2,300 applicants are rejected, not because they do not deserve assistance but because there isn't money enough to go round. We do not know how many others there are who could not afford to live in Chicago if they had a scholarship and who do not even apply for one.

☆ IF the first defense of democracy is enlightenment, then we need all we can get and all the enlightened leaders we can produce. The Scots rule England because for generations, in the smallest villages and hamlets, they have searched for and backed, almost from infancy, the lads of parts. They have made it possible for them to get the best education that Great Britain offered. This tradition is of the highest order of Scottish canniness, for its total result has been the greatness of Scotland.

I suggest that we be canny too. I suggest that we make certain that our best boys and girls get the best education this country offers. We should do this not for their sake but for our own.

We must have scholarships, and scholarships large enough so that the student can spend most of his time studying, for those boys and girls who can prove in competitive examinations that they are the most promising.

The problem, then, is where to get the money for the scholarships the nation needs. We must get it, I regret to say, from the federal government. I regret to say it, because everybody who goes to the government for money is suspected of a congenital disinclination to work for it. But education is not the special, selfish interest of the young. It is the general interest of the nation. It is the most general interest the nation has. It is the foundation upon which our form of government rests.

☆ ALL that is needed is the extension and modification of the National Youth Administration. During the last five years the NYA has assisted 500,000 college students and has spent only $71,000,000 doing it. NYA students must show that they have two qualifications: they must be good scholastically and poor financially. They must also be willing to work, for NYA aid is not scholarship aid; it is payment for labor.

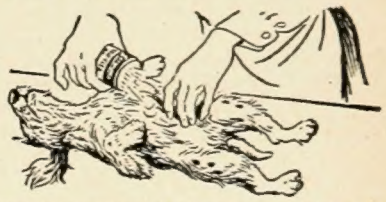
If for the very best of these students the payments were increased and the requirement of extra-curriculum labor dropped, we should have the system we need. Opportunity would be open to those who deserve it. We should be as certain as we can be that we were making the most of our human resources.

We should be certain, too, that we were protected against that well known specter, government control. The NYA has exerted no control over education. It would exert none if it were modified and extended as I propose. Payments are and would be made to students, not to institutions. The students could go, as now, to the institution of their choice. The government could not affect the policy of the institution in the slightest.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent every year, and properly spent, on the conservation of our natural resources. The right and duty of the government to make these expenditures is unquestioned. We need soil and water power to exist as a nation. But we need brains to exist as a democracy. Democracy puts a greater strain on the intelligence of the people than any other form of government. So Jefferson insisted that the continuance of democracy depended on universal education. It is symbolic that he wished to be remembered as the author of the Declaration of Independence and founder of the University of Virginia. Freedom and education go hand in hand. Only in a free country can a true university exist. Only an enlightened country can remain free. We shall not be extravagant if we lay out some small fraction of the amount spent on conserving natural resources on increasing our moral and intellectual strength.

THE END

WE LICKED THE "PARACHUTE TROOPS"! They were landing everywhere and digging in—the fleas, I mean. The pups and I were scratching our hides off till the Boss caught on.



"LET'S GET THOSE FLEAS!" he says. "They carry worms, you know. We'll liquidate them with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER." So we did! That SKIP-FLEA really kills them dead.

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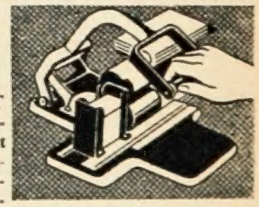

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Farewell to an Adventurer

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FULTON OURSLER

☆ WHEN the S.S. Nerissa was torpedoed and went to the bottom a few weeks ago, death foreclosed a mortgage on the life of one of Liberty's war correspondents. Kenneth Collings is dead. And yet, it is hard to think of him as being dead.

Only last year I wrote on this page: "An adventurous lad, Kenneth Collings, with something not altogether grown-up about him, something young and excitable that makes him unhappy when he feels safe. . . ." That was when the aviator and former captain in the United States Marines returned from a Liberty assignment that had taken him through Germany and Russia; when, as a prisoner of war, he spent three days with the Communist army and twice stood against the stone wall of a firing squad. His title for that series of articles was I Saw Hell in Germany and Russia, and he began it with these words:

"This is an unvarnished report on conditions in war-torn Europe by a correspondent who never expected to be alive to render it. The correspondent is myself—and the reason why I know I am living on borrowed time is that I escaped a Russian firing squad. Not once, but twice." Later on in that same story he wrote:

"I want to quote the only instructions I have received from the editor of Liberty: 'All I want is the *facts*,' he said. 'Regardless of whom they hurt, don't pull your punches.'

"I won't."

That was when Collings told the world that the German people were not on the brink of starvation and the Russians not on the verge of collapse—the first dose of cold water thrown on a lot of American wishful thinking.

It was back in 1934 when I first met Kenneth Collings. That was when we published his first Liberty story, I Flew for the Hell of It, in which he told of a number of hair-raising adventures, of facing death with a laugh in two hemispheres. His narrative began when he was studying in the Marine Officers' School at Quantico in the early winter of 1918. Major Bradley was looking for six student aviators. Man after man had been turned down—the major was looking for a type, and Collings felt sure that what he wanted was a fighting type.

So this was the story he told the major:

"From what I've seen of trench warfare, it's about one per cent fighting and ninety-nine per cent standing around in water up to your ears. I figure that I'll be killed in this war anyway, but if I get into aviation, at least I won't have to live in an aquarium while I'm waiting to get it in the neck."

"Fine," said the major. "You're picked."

Collings had three hours and twenty minutes' instruction and he was a Flying Marine.

He told of adventures in Central American jungles: Once he broke his leg, and, strapped on the wing of a plane, was flown out of the jungle to a hospital. This series of articles was highly successful in the spring of 1935. It was only a few weeks later that Collings called me on the telephone to say good-by. He was sailing the next day for Peru.

"Why Peru?" I asked. "Nothing is happening there. The guns are going to pop in Ethiopia."

"I will leave for Ethiopia this week," Collings agreed. For the next few days doctors had their way with him. They pumped him full of vaccines and serums against cholera, bubonic plague, and other tropical diseases. Head swimming, veins creaking with all those chemicals, he set off for Africa. One day a cable came from Addis Ababa. Collings was there.

Collings talked with Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah. Moreover, Collings had managed to scoop all his colleagues in a large colony of correspondents. Haile Selassie, at his cajoling, had written a message to the American people—written it out in Amharic and affixed to it his own royal signature. He had autographed his photograph, too, and that imposing portrait of the King of Kings appeared on the cover of Liberty.

Collings got out of Addis Ababa just

KENNETH COLLINGS

before the temporary conquerors from Italy came in. Home again, he was restless. He had written brilliantly of the war in Ethiopia, but now he was back in Rockville Centre, Long Island. He tried to settle down to be a writer of other men's adventures. One of his memorable jobs was done in collaboration with Lowell Thomas—the story of Allenby's campaign in Palestine. He wrote some fiction too, and then, in collaboration with Major William C. Brooks, he wrote for us Hell Over Nicaragua. But powder smoke was in his nose, a wistful sheen in his eyes.

By the fireside, one windy night, we talked of a plan for him to go into Germany and Russia. Soon Collings was in Europe again. He started in France, traveled through half of Italy, then journeyed to Germany, where he was held up for two weeks. The Germans did not want him to go into the forbidden parts of Poland. That was the area where history was then in the making; where the mass deportation of an entire population was in progress; and from where no news had come except stories from an escorted group of reporters who had been allowed to see what the Germans wanted them to see.

By hook and crook, Collings kept one jump ahead of the army intelligence and Gestapo. He eluded them and got to Warsaw. He was in Bromberg, scene of the blood bath. He was even in the forbidden city of Gdynia. And then, in defiance of all regulations, he crossed the German-Soviet frontier—and his real adventures began.

I cannot give the facts of his last journey. He was traveling on the S.S. Nerissa for England when death caught up with him and called in the loan. Kenneth Collings was a brave and resourceful correspondent. We miss him. We had hoped that later on he would have other stories to tell you.

In the words of the poet:

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY FRANCIS A. LEIGH

BADGE OF BELIEF

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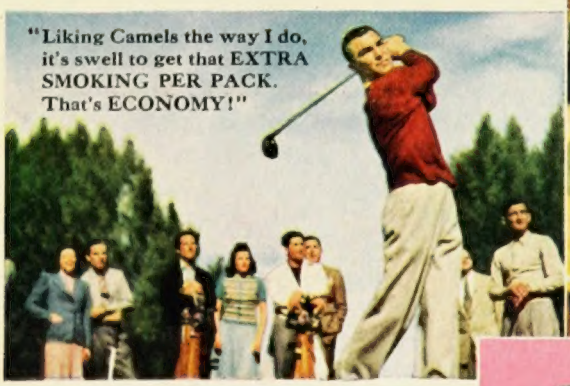

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